BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER, 1952
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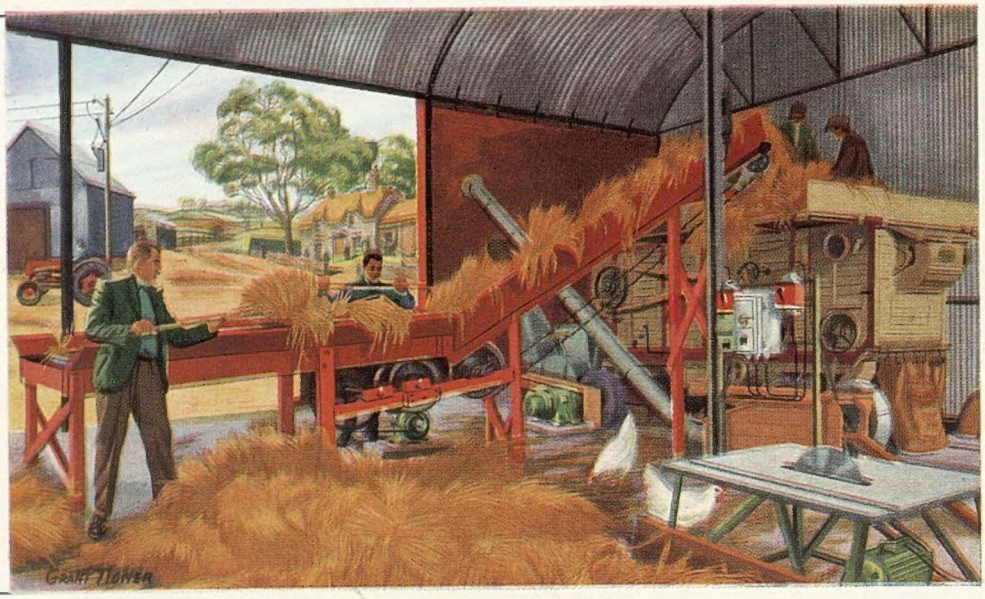

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 45 No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1952

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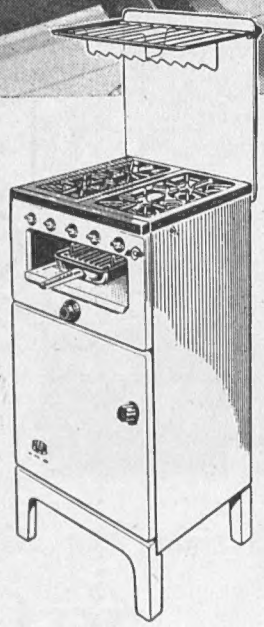

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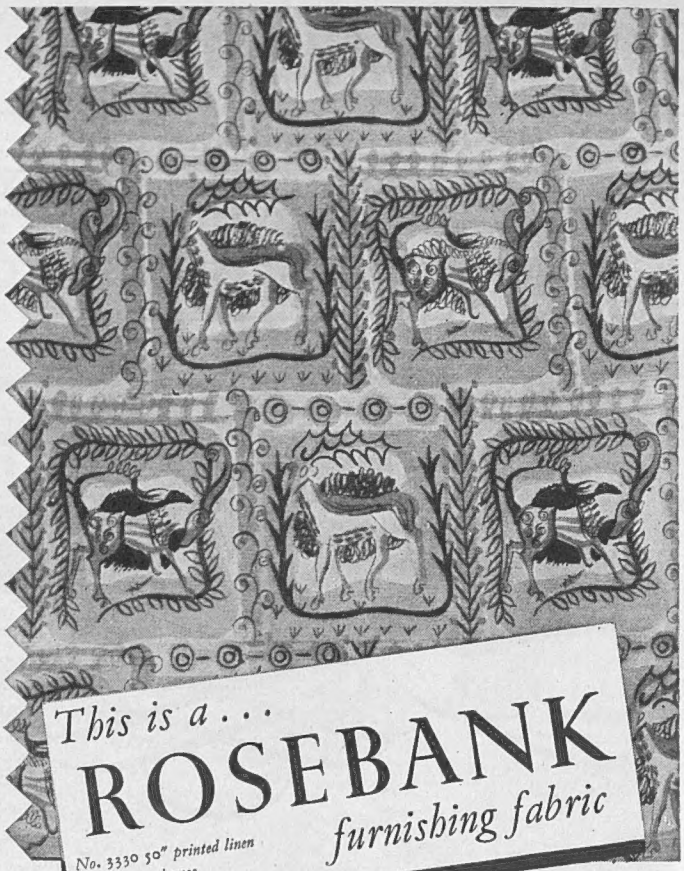

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4930

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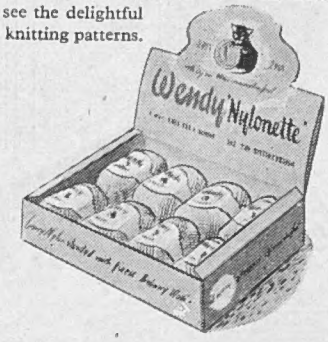

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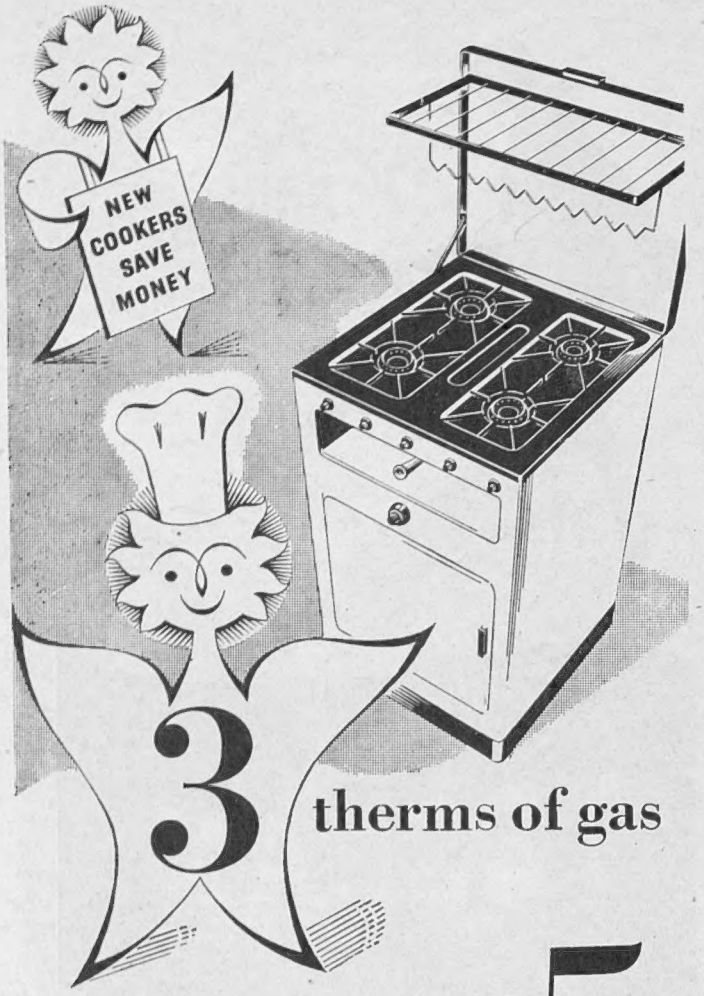

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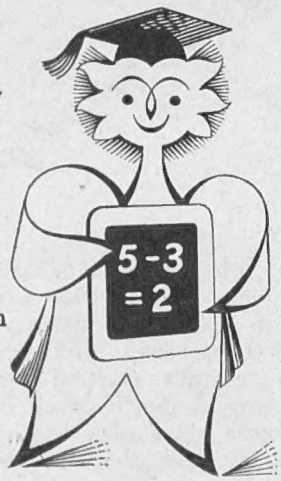

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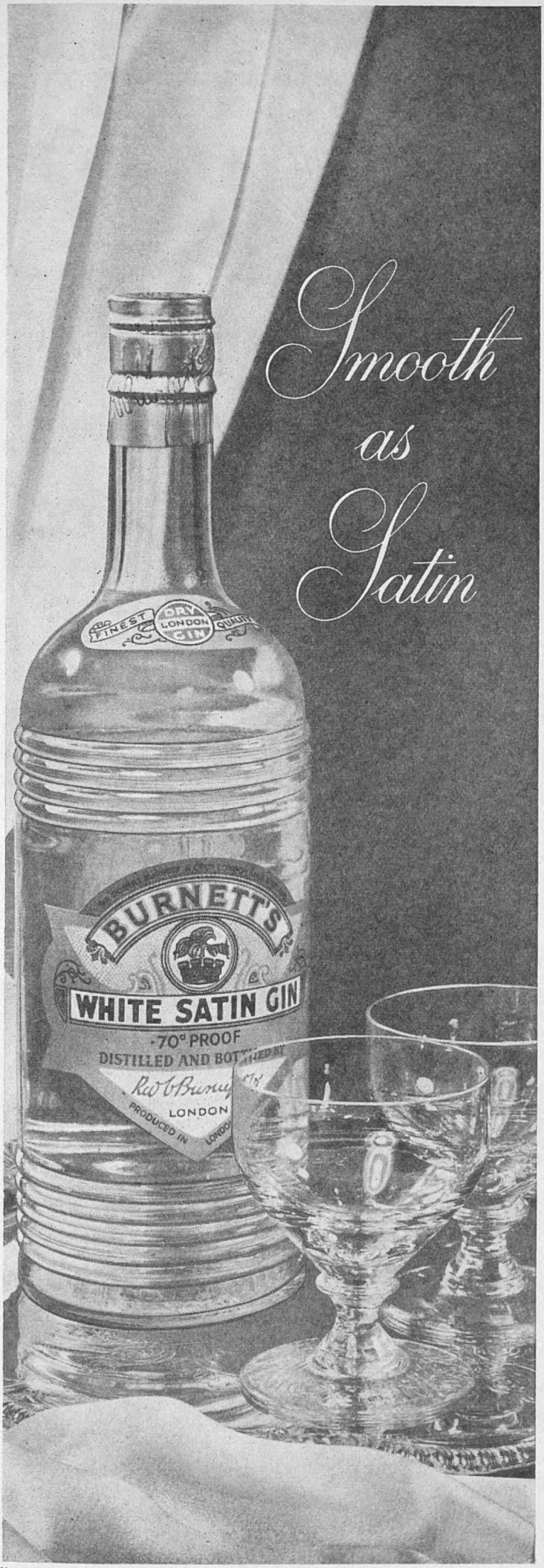

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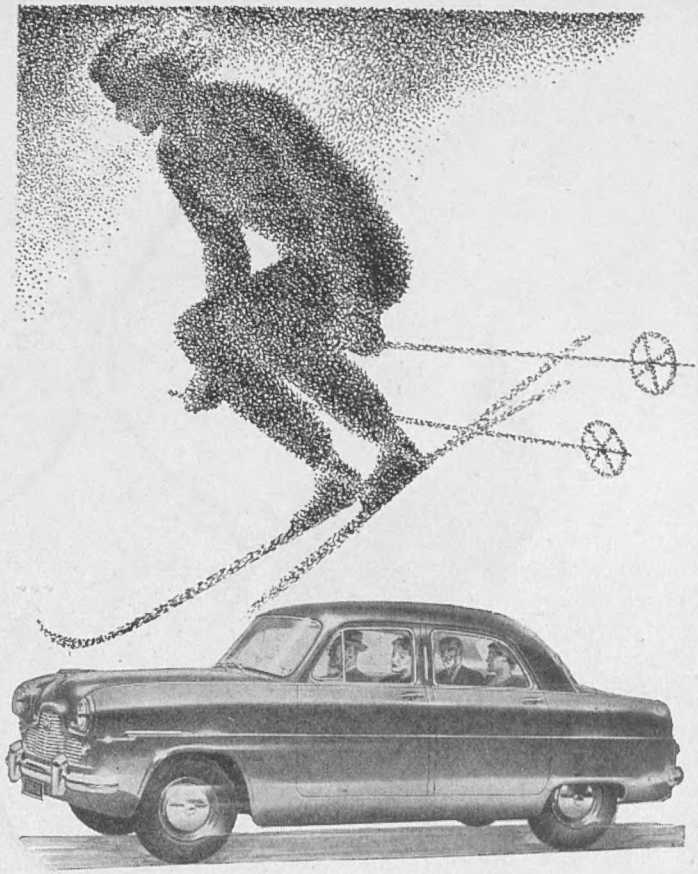

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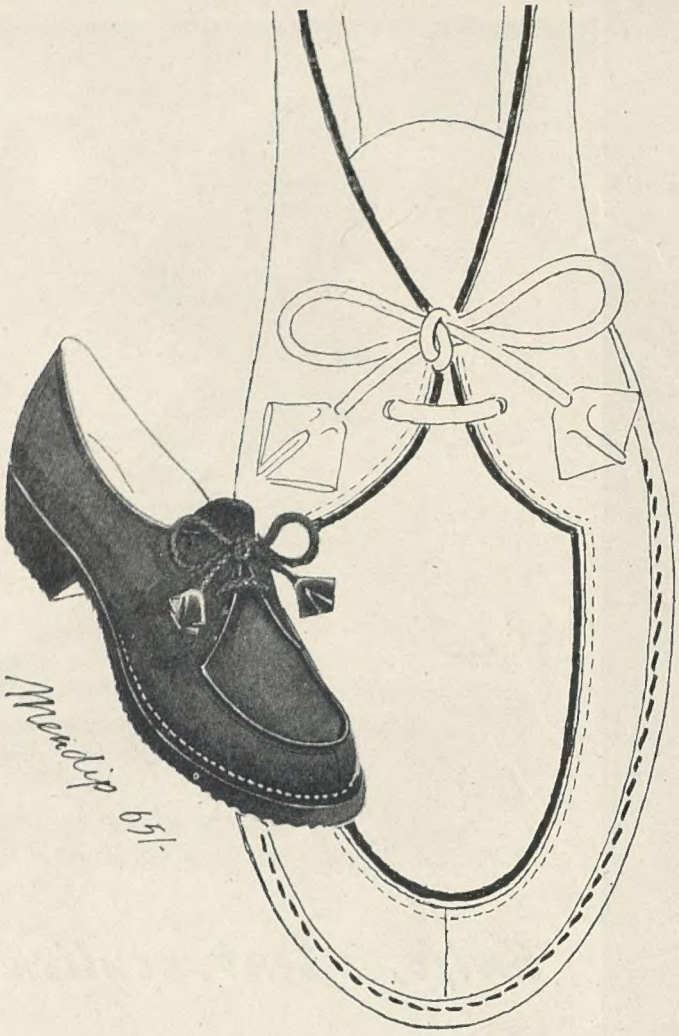

Bracketed with Black

Black heels for green shoes, black stitchery on tan—jet welts and piping, laces and studs. The black-silhouetted colours are autumn's chosen four—Hawthorn Red, Evergreen, Amberglow and Cognac. The leathers are quiet luxury, hand-treated and unlined. The styling, smoothly elegant, is pure Country Club.

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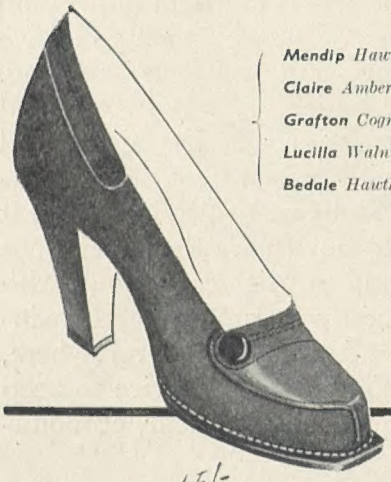
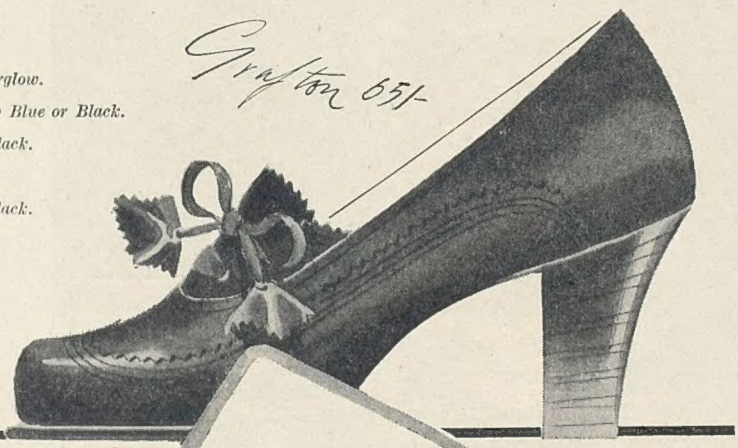
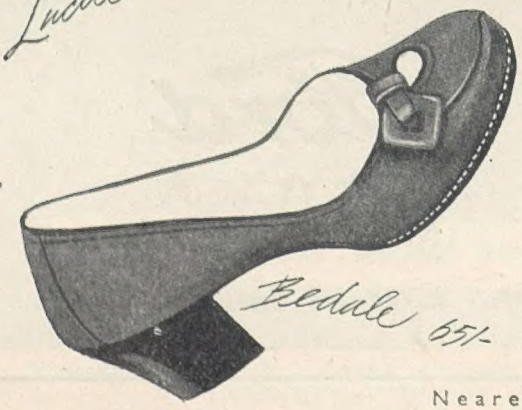
Claire *Amberglow, Cognac Brown, Flagship Blue or Black.*
Grafton *Cognac Brown, Fathom Blue or Black.*
Lucilla *Walnut Brown or Black.*
Bedale *Hawthorn Red, Cognac Brown or Black.*







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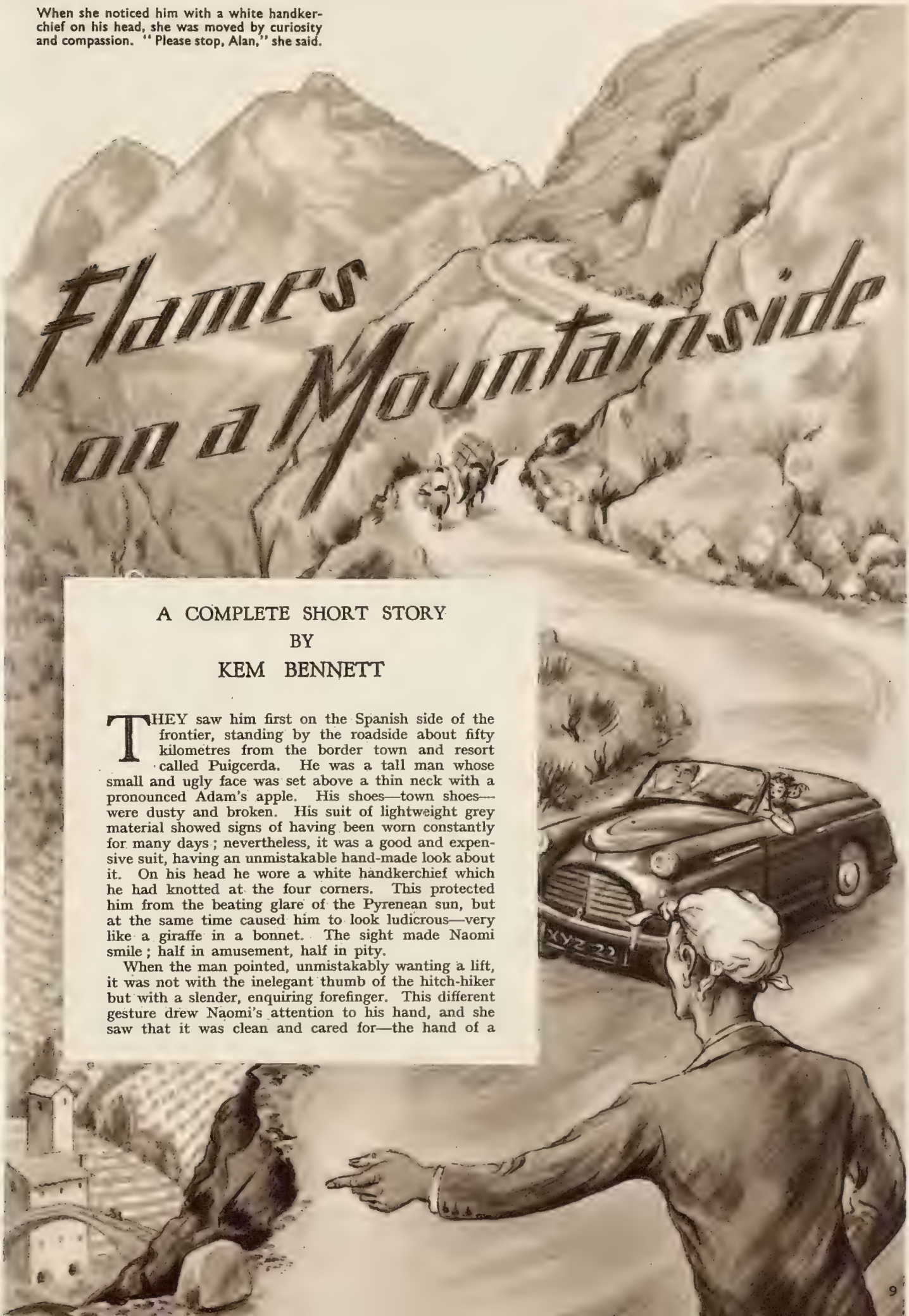
When she noticed him with a white handkerchief on his head, she was moved by curiosity and compassion. "Please stop, Alan," she said.



Flames on a Mountainside

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

BY

KEM BENNETT

THEY saw him first on the Spanish side of the frontier, standing by the roadside about fifty kilometres from the border town and resort called Puigcerda. He was a tall man whose small and ugly face was set above a thin neck with a pronounced Adam's apple. His shoes—town shoes—were dusty and broken. His suit of lightweight grey material showed signs of having been worn constantly for many days; nevertheless, it was a good and expensive suit, having an unmistakable hand-made look about it. On his head he wore a white handkerchief which he had knotted at the four corners. This protected him from the beating glare of the Pyrenean sun, but at the same time caused him to look ludicrous—very like a giraffe in a bonnet. The sight made Naomi smile; half in amusement, half in pity.

When the man pointed, unmistakably wanting a lift, it was not with the inelegant thumb of the hitch-hiker but with a slender, enquiring forefinger. This different gesture drew Naomi's attention to his hand, and she saw that it was clean and cared for—the hand of a

fastidious man. Curiosity and compassion moved her and she said, "Please stop, Alan."

Alan grinned at her. "I was about to, darling. I knew you'd never resist this one."

THE car drew up beside the thin man. Alan said, "*Buenos dias*," and then, hopefully, "Good morning."

"Good morning. You are so kind." There was hardly any accent in the voice yet it was certain that the man was not English. He was smiling at them. The expression filled his plain face with charm. Standing beside the open car, he reminded Naomi first of a lanky priest, then of a schoolboy, finally of a gentle clown. She too smiled. "Where do you want to go?"

"To France, Madame."

"Where in France?"

"Almost anywhere. If you would be so kind as to invite me, I should like to travel with you just so long as you find my company supportable, but not an instant longer."

Alan chuckled. "You're invited," he said. "In you get." He reached backwards to open the rear door of the car.

The tall man hesitated. "May I introduce myself?"

"Please do."

"My name is Baron Sandor Josiká. I am a Hungarian."

"I'm Alan Watson and this is Naomi, my wife. We're English."

Josiká bowed over Naomi's hand. He got into the car, shutting the door gently behind him—too gently, for the lock did not catch. He tried again, still too gently, and it seemed to Naomi that he was a man to whom violence was so repulsive that it could not be used even upon an inanimate object. She leaned backwards and slammed the door shut. "Car doors are things to be treated firmly, Baron."

"I assure you that I would take no nonsense from my own, Madame, but there is not enough of the commissionaire in me to permit me to brutalise other people's."

They smiled at his little joke, liking the man and astonished and captivated by his elaborate courtesy. Then Alan put the car into gear and they drove away, heading into the endless succession of hairpin bends which led towards the frontier.

AHEAD of them the peaks of the Pyrenees soared above vineyards, olive groves and hillsides covered with the shrubs of tamarisk and aloes. The peaks were precipitous, snow-covered; clean against the brilliant blue of the sky, and yet menacing. These were mountains; big enough to form an impassable barrier to a man or a vehicle in any except half-a-handful of places; wild enough to make a man feel alone and afraid in their bleak amphitheatrical valleys; bleak enough to hold death in their midst, for no vegetation grew on their higher slopes and no animals, even, could hope to survive among the lonely glaciers and barren crests. They were magnificent as the sight of an angel, and as inhuman and as awe-inspiring.

"A land to see and admire, but not to live in," Josiká said presently. "The mountains are hostile, are they not?"

Naomi agreed. Her mind was full of questions. Why was the man walking? Why the broken shoes? Why the dusty, unpressed suit? But she could not voice these questions. The Baron's manners were so good that curiosity would have seemed an inadmissible impertinence. She sat upon curiosity and chatted resignedly about the scenery.

THEY drove through Puigcerda and arrived at the frontier post of Bourg Madame. Formalities. A casual search by the Spanish Customs people and an even more casual one by the French. Papers to be signed. No trouble. The Baron produced a French passport. The guards called him Monsieur le Baron, touching their caps. He had dusted his suit and, taken the handkerchief off his head, and his manner was more than enough to compensate for a pair of broken shoes. The guards were less respectful of Alan and Naomi. They said Monsieur and Madame, certainly, but without any touching of caps. Funny. Naomi smiled at Alan and winked. Josiká caught her at it and smiled himself. He was a very endearing man.

Soon they were ready to move off. It was half past ten. "Lunch at Ax-les-Thermes," Alan said, and pressed down the accelerator.

Then a man, one of a sprinkling of idlers watching the frontier formalities, moved forward to stare closely at the car. Alan braked, thinking the man was about to commit suicide beneath the wheels. But he was not. He only wanted to look. Having looked he smiled

She looked at him, it seemed, from a great distance. Relief suffused his whole being. He gloried in the fact that she was still alive.

sardonically. Alan smiled back politely, and on they went.

THEY had driven for half an hour when Josiká said, "Please stop."

"Why?" Naomi demanded. "Or is that an embarrassing question, Baron?" She had not been able to resist the temptation to be suggestive. She wanted to see how Josiká's formality would stand up to it. However, when he answered there was no embarrassment in his voice, nor any humour. Only tension.

"I think it would be wiser if you were to put me down here, Madame."

She made an explosive little protest. "Here! But you must come with us as far as you want to go. You're no trouble, believe me."

"You are very kind. I must insist, however. Would you please stop?"

Alan hesitated and slowed down, but did not stop. "Naomi's right, sir," he said. "It's ridiculous to leave you here in this wilderness."

There was no answer from the back of the car for long seconds. Then Josiká said, "If you do not leave me here I am afraid you will be in danger."

"In danger? From what?"

"From men who wish to kill me. I am a fugitive."

"Why did you not say so when we picked you up?" Alan's voice was casual. He did not fully believe the man.

"Because I did not think I was in danger then, but I was recognised at the frontier, and I am now. Do you remember the man who stared at the car and smiled?"

"Yes."

"It was the smile of the tiger. He will have passed the word to his friends, who may be ahead of us. They are callous and unscrupulous men."

NAOMI was frowning, full of curiosity; full also of a woman's reluctance to believe in violence. She turned in her seat. Josiká was sitting erect in the back of the car with an automatic pistol in his hand. As she watched, he cocked the mechanism, applied the safety catch and put the gun in his coat pocket.

"You can't expect us to believe that we're in danger of being shot at or something?"

"I wish you would believe it, Madame. I wish you would stop and let me descend. You have been kind to me. I do not want to involve you in this emergency."

Alan asked the next question. "Are you a criminal?"

A sad chuckle came from the back of the car. "Some would say I am. I am a Hungarian. I *was* a landowner. I used to belong to—to lead, in fact—a small political club with liberal beliefs. I was a friend of poor Mindszenty, and Prince Paul Esterhazy is a relative of mine. I know a great deal of what is going on in Hungary to-day—beneath the surface, you understand. Most important of all, I left Hungary without permission. All these things are criminal in the eyes of the present régime. Furthermore, they know that I represent some still influential people in my country and that I am going to approach certain English and American statesmen with the information I possess. They intend to stop me, once and for all. I am sure, because they already tried and failed in Barcelona."

"We're a long way from Hungary," Naomi said, with excitement in her voice.

"Not far enough, Madame." The words were spoken with the resignation of a fatalist. Naomi looked into Sandor Josiká's eyes and saw fear in them. He was pretending. He was no fatalist. "We are in the Pyrenees," he went on. "During the war thousands of Spanish Communists broke out of refugee camps in France and went to fight with the resistance movement. They did so upon the understanding that they would be able to retain their arms when the Germans were defeated and retire to the Pyrenees to take up the fight against General Franco once again. This agreement was honoured by the French resistance leaders. The guerillas have been quiescent since the war, only raiding a little and killing an occasional Spanish policeman, but they are still here and they are still armed. They are all about us, like these arrogant mountain peaks. They are as merciless as the mountains themselves—or they will be to me, whom they know to be their enemy. I beseech you to stop and let me descend. It is no imaginary danger, I assure you."

THE car slowed and came to a halt. Alan turned in the driving seat. "You are a very brave man, Baron Josiká. Thank you for telling us all this and not involving us against our will. Good luck to you."

"Alan!" Naomi's face was white and angry. "You're not going to let him get out!"

"I am, yes."

"To be killed? Without even having tried to help him?"

Alan took a deep breath. "This is a war, my love," he said harshly. "I am not going to take you into the front line of any war." (*Continued on page 74*)

The police came the following morning. They appreciated Alan's explanation, then the elder of the policemen looked at Naomi, who was very beautiful, and said: "You have a monopoly of luck, Monsieur Watson."

FERDINAND TUOHY describes the evil influence of the "poison spoken word"

ARGUING for a change in the law of slander, Earl Jowett instanced in the House of Lords the case of a lady of whom it was being said in certain circles that a change in her sex had been brought about.

He could not imagine anything more distressing or annoying to the person in question, yet she could bring no action. At present a verbal statement affecting someone's character cannot be the subject of an action unless pecuniary damage can be proved.

In point of fact that "changed sex" story received a wider circulation than the former Lord Chancellor's words suggest. In the telling, plain invention, wild fantasy, formed the climax. Some might call it outrageous. At any rate it was so unexpected as to cause both sexes to explode in mirth, thus assuring an exceptional run to the story.

Yet what lies behind Earl Jowett's contention is no laughing matter. Simply put, it is that poison lips are catching up on poison pens. After a long innings reaching down the centuries, the laboriously penned poison letter is being challenged by the snappier spoken word, which seems natural enough in an age so heavily influenced by the talkies, broadcasting and television.

Humans are certain to copy some aspects of the mammoth mechanical chatter. If some of it is recklessly injurious, the obvious temptation is for listeners to colour their own talk with the same brush.

These are wordy times in which most verbal conjunctures are feasible. Individuals have been known to get their victims on long-distance, over thousands of miles, in order to rush in with a tissue of slander prior to slamming down the receiver. With a little care, risk of detection is small compared with when the same thing figures in a letter.

Has mankind ever before lived through such an interlude of abuse, lies and innuendo?

One of the worst features of "poison lips" is the use made of the telephone. The cruellest form I've heard of, is encountered in the United States. The practice is to ring up a home after making the obvious checks and to say you are speaking for the War Department and wish to make the news easier to bear. Then follows an entirely fictitious but correctly drawn up message saying that so-and-so of the family has been killed in Korea.

Phoning false battle casualties is indeed a sign of a troubled age. No one thought of doing so during two much more terrible wars. But now, it seems, things have got to such a pass that people want to "take it out on someone else."

As a matter of fact, it is easy to imagine such poison calls as emanating from rabid Communists, or from cranks with a screw loose, who are against the Korean war.

Nearer home, a second form of telephonic abuse which is on the increase may safely be laid at the doors of mental perverts and of hooligans still bitten by a "we are the masters" urge. This consists of ringing up women from the directory, and of letting forth a stream of libellous filth before there's time for the recipient to grasp what's up, and replace the receiver.

This happens in London Town. Indeed "poison lips" is preponderantly an urban visitation. Incidentally, the cleverer callers are beginning to wrap up their words so as to postpone the cutting short of their act.

When it comes to circulating slander in the form of gossip, persilage and smoking-room stories, the risk run by the defamer almost fades out. We have been told as much on the highest authority at a time when the whole tendency is towards a snack-bar sociability which incubates such talk.

People rush about and meet other people much more than used to be the case. They seem to be always talking—a kind of nervous ailment, it looks like at times. Consider the far greater opportunity there is now. Think of the far larger number of women working side by side. Think of the women in pubs, where talk gets down to the raw, and inhibitions are cast aside. Think of the turns that tittle-tattle is apt to take in clubs, co-operatives, community centres, cafés and queues.

Think of the things that are apt to be said in a showing-off age, and in an inaccurate and exaggerating one. The exaggerating comes, of course, from a craving for personal publicity, a longing for others to shift their thoughts on to *me*. An exhibitionism resulting, which begets reckless statement.

All it has to be, is arresting. This goes as well for those rarefied "certain circles." As the once ruling classes steadily move towards the great levelling, tongues wag the reverse of benignly.

Men in most conditions of life are hardly less involved than women. If the urge to speak ill of most foreigners, mainly because Britain is having a bad time, (*Continued on page* 73)

By M. LOVETT TURNER

Homes of Yesterday and To-day

WILL the architect of next century despise the houses of today as much as we are apt to deplore those of the Victorian era? Let us hope, for the sake of our reputation, that the "pre-fab" makeshifts will remain only in the hazy memory of those to whom, as children, they gave shelter during those tragic, homeless days. Will our towns spread upwards instead of outwards, and the calm, dignified Georgian terraces give place to nightmarish cubes and pentagons, car parks and helicopter roosting grounds?

Perhaps it is only the older generation of today who can look with aesthetic pleasure on the symmetrical windows, pleasant doorways and wrought iron gates built during the reigns of the Georges; or look back on happy childhood days spent in large Victorian nurseries, where noise was allowed without the incessant curbing of high spirits because of annoying those who lived in the flat beneath.

AT their best Victorian houses were convenient and spacious, at their worst they were slums of terrifying monotony, but the housewife was catered for far better than in previous days. The basement kitchen was rarely found outside the larger towns, though cellars continued to be used on wash-days, for keeping wine, and storing coal, wood and many unwanted articles of no use whatever. Transport was improving and suburbia came into being. Houses, semi-detached or single, stood in dignified isolation behind front gardens carefully laid out, season by season, with suitable bedding-out plants. Dark and dismal evergreen shrubs veiled unsightly corners, and the privet hedge became the joy of the jobbing gardener.

Inside these suburban houses there were rooms for everybody and every occasion. Breakfast in the breakfast room, dinner and supper—or in the best circles—lunch and dinner, were partaken (not eaten, oh, dear, no!) in the dining-room, which often had to serve as a sitting-room as well, books came into their own in study or library and, on at-home days and Sundays, tea was enjoyed in the drawing-room. This holy of holies was Mama's joy, a nightmare to the children and a continual annoyance to Papa who hated the slender legs of the chairs, and was not allowed to smoke for fear of dirtying the curtains and leaving an aroma of tobacco lingering for days afterwards.

As the middle classes grew wealthier the suburbs lost some of their attraction. Rich mill-owners and shopkeepers aimed at being country magnates, and built large mansions in the country, complete with battlements, turrets and towers. Oriel windows, Tudor dripstones and Dutch gables added interest, if not continuity to the buildings. Gardens boasted of shrubs and hedges cut to shapes which made Alice's Adventures in Wonderland humdrum. Lawns, from which the under-gardener with his squeaking lawnmower was rarely absent, were cut into zodiacal shapes to allow for the bedding-out plants without which, even in the country, no garden was complete.

Side by side with the aims of the town-bred squire developed the cottage ornée, or country cottage. This was a step in the right direction, for it provided a pleasant retreat for the weary business man, if not for his wife. The exteriors were usually of the romantic type, with twisted chimneys and many-angled gables breaking gently into the skyline. Generations of wind and rain have now weathered these early attempts to harmonize with the landscape until, to-day, they often blend happily with their surroundings, and kindly nature has added to the good work by a plentiful growth of greenery.

The cult of the simple life was on its way. Weary of machine-made articles and the restless striving of builders to attain something massive and pretentious at little cost, a set of young men and maidens, under the example of William Morris, extolled the work of the country craftsman, and handmade articles became the rage. Useless fripperies were cast away; vases, jugs and chairs, as well as the maiden's figures, became tall and attenuated. Willowy and sinuous stalks floated round unknown varieties of water-lilies, on wall papers, cushions and table-runners, until one felt only a mermaid would really feel at home amongst them! In London, converted mews and flats became fashionable, and country life too, too deplorable

THE nearest approach to symmetrical town planning was to be found near the town where the villa flourished, not from the idea of bringing harmony into the town, but because it was cheaper to build rows of houses in narrow streets. Apart from cultivating his little pocket-sized front garden there was little the black-coated resident could do to bring individuality to his home. Presumably

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Typical of the nineteenth-century Industrial Age slumland. As many habitations were crowded on each acre of ground as was humanly possible

A Victorian double-fronted non-basement house with bay windows, venetian blinds, lace curtains and small front garden

cat-like, he was guided home by instinct at night, for gas jets in his hall, or lobby, had little chance of shining through the frosted glass of his front door, or the multi-coloured fanlight.

Even so, distinctions were bound to occur. Never in a row of Victorian houses, or Georgian for that matter, were two ever painted alike at the same time. It was amazing, too, how many different ways there were of looping back the lace curtains, or how varied in shape and size was the ever-present aspidistra. How proudly the Victorian housewife watched her aspidistra, and counted its leaves for, so rumour persisted, each new leaf represented a hundred pounds put away for a rainy day

TOWARDS the centre of the town huddled together the hovels of the workers. In long rows, often without even a back yard between them, men, women and children existed, lived was hardly the word, with no home comforts, usually large, unruly families, empty pantries and no relaxation save what the public house provided. It was about the beginning of this century that councils began to speak of slum clearance schemes—a good work to which Hitler so unceremoniously contributed. Council houses followed, garden cities and playing fields; open spaces and town planning became actual facts, bungalows lined the roads and petrol pumps littered the highways. Perhaps for the best Who knows?

Within the last decade a half-hearted attempt has been made to persuade us that England is a land of perpetual sunshine. Houses are appearing with long, parallel windows filling two sides of the living-rooms, and flat roofs, where sun worshippers can lie and bask in warmth and seclusion, have taken the place of tiles and slates. Truly a step in the right direction where space is limited, and sunshine no longer a bugbear to be kept from carpets and curtains at all cost. Roof gardens can be both a joy and a comfort to lovers of solitude, but—oh ! the smoke and the soot. Shall we ever escape them?

The home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, this house is one of an elegant Georgian terrace off Royal Parade, Leamington Spa

☆

A typical small suburban house built about thirty years ago

A good type of residence built in the late nineteenth century

The New Edwardian

By Rupert Croft-Cooke

HE is a brave man, serving a lost cause. He has done what hitherto has been done only by women—looked into the past to find the clothes of to-morrow. He has chosen his period, one of the most baroque and contradictory in men's dress as in many other things, and he is loyal to it.

The New Edwardian is not a mountebank or an exhibitionist. Only faith in the "rightness" of his clothes could sustain him through the moments of conspicuousness, ridicule and discomfort which they give him. He believes that he is setting a fashion which should be universally followed.

He is picturesque rather than elegant, for Edwardian clothes look smart only by contrast with the sloppier dress of to-day. The four-button jacket, long, narrow and tubular, with its mean little lapels, is a garment without grace and the high starched collar is positively ugly. The tight, round trousers have neither the ease of modern slacks nor the charm of Victorian pantaloons such as Dickensians wore strapped under the instep. The short overcoat, or "covert" coat as its name was when it was widely worn, is a heavy uncomfortable thing which gives little protection. But the whole costume is virile and that, at a time of pansified Haiwaiian blouses in patterns that remind one of cretonne curtains, is one recommendation for it.

THE New Edwardian has had a distinct advantage over his grandfather or father who wore these clothes as a matter of course—he has been able to choose what he wanted from the period and discard things which seemed to him even less practicable. The fancy waistcoat, the opera cloak, the red carnation buttonhole are all delightful embellishments for the return of which we should be thankful. But there were some uncomfortable absurdities which he has wisely forgotten.

Remember, or, I suppose I should say, imagine the city man of Edwardian days rather than the professional dandy. His wife kept a little curved brush in the hall to give his silk hat a last smoothing and was probably adept at tightening the silk of his umbrella till it was as slender as a walking-stick. He wore flowers in a small silver holder which held water behind his lapel and liked best Parma violets. His spats, felt in winter, buckram in summer, would be spotless and his waistcoat had a white linen contrivance buttoned into it. His collar was hard and high with a tight knot of tie well up in it and his cuffs were wide and stiff. He wore a breast-plate of starched shirt-front. His movements were constrained and if he hurried or stooped or tripped and staggered he became at once undignified or—dare one say it even now?—funny. The New Edwardian should spare a tear for that straining and perspiring figure when he chooses only the happier characteristics of the period.

BUT until he is as frequently seen in the country as in town, I for one shall believe that the New Edwardian is nothing more than a freak of fashion, a wholly ephemeral and metropolitan phenomenon.

As, on present evidence, I believe he is. For there are two very good reasons why he is likely to disappear as suddenly as he came. The first is that this costume, however sprightly it may seem in present-day surroundings, is wholly out of keeping with the exigencies of modern life. How can the "set" of such a suit be maintained in bus-queues or overcrowded underground trains? How can a man safely carry his cafeteria tray when he is wearing his most elegant drainpipe trousers? How can he face his tailor when he has been crushed and jammed, pushed back or ordered on, at football match or film-show, in travelling, eating or merely trying to walk?

The second reason is that this fashion, however popular it may for a while become, runs counter to the sweeping trend of men's fashions since the last of the "knuts" put on the knee-high puttees and peaked cap of the first World War nearly forty years ago. There has been in that time a more or less continuous process of loosening, unbuttoning, unstarching and easing which has meant a welcome emancipation for the male which he is not likely to give up.

This change from rigidity to freedom did not come about quickly since Man, for reasons which will be readily comprehensible to the married, is slower than Woman in changing his plumage. But it has come slowly with the years since 1918, and Man has been freee at last from a halter round his neck and gyves upon his wrists. He has learnt, in fact, to make black-and-white and starch the accompaniments, almost exclusively, of dancing.

Still, even when the New Edwardian has gone, with the old Edwardian, and with the beau, the dandy, the buck, the johnnie, the masher and the dude, his effort will not have been in vain. He has shown that man's dress need not change always in the same direction and need not grow more like woman's in order to become more gay.

BUT for the protection of the Goddess Minerva, his malicious step-mother, Juno, who only feigned love for him when he was a baby for his father Jupiter's sake, would surely have made away with him

OLD TALES RETOLD

THE LABOURS OF HERCULES

Story by

JOHN LEROY

Illustrations by

ROBERT HODGSON

IT was like taking orders from a frightened rabbit, Hercules thought. He had but faint idea of what the Twelve Labours would be. He knew he could expect the worst and blamed no one but himself . . . and Juno, his malicious step-mother. Yes, but for the protection of the Goddess Minerva, Juno, who had when he was a baby only feigned love for him for his father Jupiter's sake, would surely have made away with him by some disgraceful subterfuge or other. As it was, she had tried him to the limit of his endurance. There had been those two serpents in his cradle, for instance; and there was that unforgettable incident with Linus. He had not meant to hurt the dear old man when he had beaten him over the head with his lyre, but he had lost control of himself when Linus had told him quite frankly that he was not and never would be a good lyre-player. Before he realized what he had done, there was a dead tutor at his feet. And now he had killed his wife, Megara, and all the children, in a fit of blind temper over some trifling matter.

Yes, penance was certainly due. But surely it was the ultimate humility to do it under orders from Eurystheus, a king who ran screaming into his palace at the sight of a dead lion and built himself a strong-room of brass for any future occasion when some finished Labour might put the fear of the Gods into him. The Delphic Oracle might, he thought, have spared him such an indignity.

BUT there seemed no way out. He must wait for the Labours to be announced and add self-control to all the other virtues he would need for the tasks ahead.

It was the Lernean Hydra-snake this time. One snake and fifty venomous heads. And this was not to be as easy as it might sound, because for every head lost it would sprout two more, no less venomous, in as little time as it would take to brandish a sword for the next blow. After a frantic period when it seemed to him that the reduplication would be too much for him; he decided a red hot iron would be more effective than cold steel. As soon as a head came off, the iron was applied and further reduplication became impossible. From the dead body of this hydra Hercules tipped each of his arrows with a poison which would bring certain death.

The bringing back of a virtually uncatchable stag alive was the next Labour to beset Hercules. Sacred to Diana the Huntress, herself, it was the fastest stag in all Greece. Never had a hunt been within miles of it. The only chance he had was of exhausting it by unflagging perseverance. For months he

could get no nearer than the breadth of a forest, though only in the hours of darkness did he rest. Of all the Labours this demanded the most endurance, the most patience. Bravery and brute strength were the least needed. One day, after a whole wearisome year, the stag became exhausted and allowed himself to be captured, slung over the mighty head and shoulders of its captor and carried away.

The fourth Labour lasted for a winter season, and was tragic in that, while he was making for the mountain where he would kill a terrible and notorious wild boar, he killed by mistake another of his old tutors, Chiron, a gentle old centaur. Originally immortal, Chiron, on receiving a wound from one of Hercules' poisoned arrows which he found impossible to endure, begged Jupiter to release him from immortality and allow him into easeful death. Jupiter granted his prayer and set the good centaur in the heavens as the constellation Sagittarius.

The stables of King Augeas had housed his three thousand oxen for ten years and not once in all that time had the muck been carted away for spreading. His neighbours had complained, but now it was roof-high and beyond solution. Hercules, however, solved it in his own ruthlessly efficient way. The river Alpheus flowed nearby; it was a river of no mean flow. By shifting rocks and countless loads of earth, by uprooting trees and digging tunnels, he diverted it through the stables and hurtled the contents, ton after ton, downstream and out to sea.

The sixth Labour was to rid the Stymphalian Lake of some monstrous birds which fed off human flesh. The only trouble he had this time was in flushing the birds from their hidden roost. In this he was helped by the Goddess Minerva (Athena to the Greeks), who lent him a terrifying rattle. Once in the air, they

Hercules performs many varied and arduous

THE three lovely nymphs, Hesperides, daughters of the West, beckoned him into a Paradise Garden and allowed him to pick three golden apples, bending the pliant boughs to bring them within his reach. Even the dreadful dragon became docile. Here for the first time Hercules began to feel the stature of his coming immortality

met the poisoned arrows and fell, to a bird, into the lake, dead.

The seventh and eighth Labours, the captures alive of the huge and savage Cretan bull and the man-eating Mares of Thrace, are worth recording only for the fact that, after each, Eurystheus fled to the strong-room rather than face Hercules. To complete the ninth he was obliged, much against his now fortified will, to slay a woman. Hippolyte, the Amazon queen, had gone back on her promise to surrender her girdle to him after defeat in battle. What else could he do but kill her?

Hercules had now reached the last phase of his Labours. Death alone, it seemed, remained to be vanquished, and in one form or another that is what Eurystheus ordered him now to do. For the first of The Big Three, he had to travel to the furthest west of the known world, where the sun went into the sea. Having killed a giant, Geryon, who had three bodies and a two-headed dog, he had to drive away his huge flocks of oxen over rivers and mountains and deserts from Spain to Greece.

The last two Labours were cases of Hercules versus Death of a more identifiable form, final qualifying rounds, perhaps, for the immortality which the Delphic Oracle had promised him at the end of The Labours.

tasks in order to attain immortality . . .

CONFIDENT of his own strength he strode at Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and silenced the frightful snorts of the left and right head by taking one in each hand. With only the middle to snarl and gnash with, the brute was virtually powerless

Once again he travelled to the setting sun. Golden apples grew in a Paradise Garden where trees blossomed and fruited simultaneously, where the sun always shone, and where there was neither dearth nor drought. Three lovely nymphs, Hesperides, daughters of the West, tended the orchard, which was guarded by an immense, unsleeping dragon. Where exactly this garden was, only the Gods knew, and Nereus was deemed the likeliest of them to give up the secret. He was the God of the Sea, who knew everything, including an ability to escape from his enemies by changing his shape.

His fifty beautiful daughters, the Nereid nymphs, gave away his position to Hercules. As he combed the western beaches for his man, he saw the nymphs just off-shore happily at play. Some rode on the backs of dolphins, some swam and surfed, some dived off little rocks and some danced in the shallow water of the low tide. Quite untempted by the gala of youth and beauty, Hercules identified the old God, sleeping, half in and half out of the sea, girt with seaweed. The old man, who knew the future as well as the past, stupidly struggled to avoid the inevitable. Acting on strict instructions from Minerva and the nymphs of the Po, Hercules gripped him firmly and held on, waiting for the famous performance. First, though the flesh could still be felt and gripped, there came a river which almost lifted him off his feet as it raged into the sea. Next the old man became a pillar of fire, but Hercules, miraculously unscorched, held on to the invisible body. And no less firmly he held on as the changes were rung from a raging lion through a snarling giant of a bear to a diabolical dragon. Each knew as well as the other what the outcome must be, and sure enough, after trying all his most spectacular and dangerous disguises, Nereus tamely resumed his bearded, salt-flecked old face and seaweedy limbs and gave Hercules the secret he so urgently needed.

And on his arrival after a typically hazardous journey, he discovered that everything at the garden had been made easy for him in advance; his father, Jupiter, had so commanded. The three nymphs beckoned him in and allowed him to pick three golden apples, bending the pliant boughs to bring them within his reach. Even the dreadful dragon became docile. Here for the first time Hercules began to feel the stature of his coming immortality. The Gods were with him and he was of the Gods, elect and ineluctable.

FOR the final conquest of Death, the twelfth and last Labour, Hercules was ordered into Hades itself. Cerberus, the ghastly three-headed watchdog of Queen Proserpine, was to be captured and brought up to Mycenae. At this time, if at no other, one can sympathize with Eurystheus; many less cowardly kings would have been grateful for that brass strong-room in anticipation of the last homecoming.

By the conditions of Pluto, King of the Underworld, Hercules might capture Cerberus only with his bare hands. Familiar by now with many-headed monsters and superbly confident of his own tremendous strength, he strode at the dog and silenced the frightful snarls of the right and left heads by taking one throat in each hand. With only the middle to snarl and gnash with, the brute was virtually powerless.

Eurystheus had been on watch for weeks. Seldom free from awful terror, praying incessantly that he should have the courage to face the great Lion-gates of his city of Mycenae when Hercules and his captive were announced.

But it was all far beyond his poor mettle, prayers or no prayers. As the mountainous figure with its hardly less mountainous dog across the broad, muscular shoulders appeared on the horizon with the red orb of the setting sun behind it, framing it as if for universal exhibition, the wretched monarch ran, screaming, out of the back gate, across the fertile plain of Arbolis, to the next city, where he remained, incurably, violently insane till his death.

* *

As for Hercules, after returning Cerberus unhurt to Hades, he went back, a free man and a near-God, to Thebes where he belonged.

Many birds have mannerisms of speech which provide a useful clue to identification. Some also are excellent mimics.

BIRD TALK

BY ANNE BALLARD

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

The nightingale appears to know the beauty of his own voice, for he opens his mouth wide and puffs out his chest.

"DID you do it? Did you do it? *Did* you do it? You did! You did! You *did!*"

When the accusing voice of the song thrush rings out from a neighbouring tree, the man with a guilty conscience should find consolation in the modern theory that birds are mere automata. Revolting against the sentimentalism of poets of a bygone age, who declared that every flower, bird and twig shared our human joys and sorrows, the scientists have now swung to the opposite extreme. The sweetest bird-song, we are told, means nothing more than the proclamation of exclusive rights over a chosen territory, whilst all the varied calls and cries are but automatic responses to conditions stimulating such emotions as fear or indignation.

Whether the scientists will change their minds again we cannot say, but from time to time birds certainly appear to make some very apt remarks. That great ornithologist, Ludwig Koch, spent many hours in patient waiting before he was able to record on the Continent the song of the Icterine Warbler. Great was his joy when, on playing his record over, the bird was plainly calling "Ludwig"!

One of the most musical of English birds is the blackbird. On many occasions a tune from its song has been written down in tonic sol-fa, but without any equivalent in human syllables. Repeated listening to our local "Gigli," however, has convinced me that the apparently meaningless refrain used by Shakespeare at the end of many of his songs, "Hey nonny nonny," is a transcription of a blackbird's joyous carolling. Another Elizabethan poet, Thomas Nash, did the same for the nightingale and the owl:

> Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
> Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
> Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
> Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The blackbird has a very varied repertoire, and rarely repeats a phrase. Occasionally, however, he will evolve a bar which seems to please him, and will repeat this from time to time. Last spring a blackbird in the writer's garden ended almost every burst of song with three ascending notes which sounded so much like "Frederick" that the bird became known by that name. Later in the year it became necessary to net the raspberries, which were proving irresistible to Frederick and his friends. Imagine the gardener's astonishment when the blackbird, watching operations from the top of a cypress tree, called out quite distinctly:

"Think of poor Frederick!"

When birds have notes or calls which can be translated approximately into English it is a great help when teaching other people how to recognise them. Mannerisms such as the thrush's habit of repeating each phrase three times provide another useful clue to identification. Some years ago a thrush took a fancy to a rowan tree at the bottom of our garden. Day after day he perched at the top of it, announcing to the world, "I 'm Joey! I 'm Joey! I 'm Joey!"

One day a visitor was being shown round the garden. Slipping on a patch of mud, he fell heavily, but, fortunately, not disastrously. Joey looked down at him and remarked, "You fool! You fool! You fool!"

Joey's plain speaking was not as offensive as the habitual remark of the whinchat. Perched on a gorse-bush on some wild common, he watches a human being advancing (*Continued on page* 66.)

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

Starlings at dusk before going to roost: a typical October scene.

BY CHRISTOPHER TRENT

Hilly country of the East Anglian Heights near the boundary with Cambridgeshire

ENGLAND'S GRANARY

EAST ANGLIA is the traditional granary of England. In most parts of Norfolk and Suffolk grass fields are no more numerous than are ploughed fields in the West Country. The East Anglian scene is at its most exciting and interesting in the landscapes around Bury, a quiet and peaceful corner of "silly Suffolk" in which William Cobbett noted with unusual enthusiasm that "the land is in such a beautiful state; the barns and everything about the homesteads so snug."

A hundred years and more have passed but the picture which pleased Cobbett has scarcely changed. The landscapes have all the beauty that comes from a wealthy land and all the interest inherent in a county which has enjoyed prosperity for 500 years but has not been spoilt by its good fortune. From the headwaters of the Stour in the south to the fringe of Breckland's formerly desolate heaths in the north, the bounty of nature never fails. A range of low hills which reach from Newmarket Heath towards Thetford gives added variety and fascination to these Suffolk scenes without taking away their strong Suffolk character.

The greatest of English landscape painters, Constable, has brought fame to the valley of the Stour below Sudbury, a town in which another great painter, Gainsborough, was born. Above Sudbury, where the landscapes are just as exciting and characteristic and the villages and little towns still more fascinating, there has been neither painter nor writer to do justice to the river and its countryside.

Here about Clare and Cavendish and Long Melford the land is heavy and there are rich pasture fields close by the river's bank where fine herds of cows

(*Continued on page 70*)

Left : Suffolk scene near Cavendish—a flock of sheep shelter from the heat of the noonday sun

Right : Harvest-time—a scene frequently seen since the combine harvester revolutionised Suffolk farming

BY BARRY PEROWNE

HORN OF PLENTY

Are young parents a handicap to children? How frequently did she ask herself this question as she watched over young Kip.

IT was a sparkling morning off the coast of Portugal, and the liner, southward bound, was passing close inshore. From her steamer-chair on deck, Ann Trewen could see the long rollers spouting spray as they surged against the red cliff of Cape San Vicente.

Lonely on the headland stood a graceful white-walled building, the first foreign building Ann had seen in her life, though she was just on fifty. She had her hands full, running a nursing-home, and she never had travelled before. She would have liked, now, to be left in peace to knit, to gaze at the building as it slid astern, and to keep an eye on young Kip Carroll, banging his toy saxaphone meditatively against the rail of his playpen on the deck before her.

But that inevitable shipboard figure, the lady with a chronic curiosity about her fellow-passengers, had no intention of leaving Ann in peace. Leaning sidewise in her steamer-chair next to Ann's, the inquisitive lady said archly: "Unless my eyes deceive me, Miss Trewen, the young man with her at at the moment is *not* the husband?"

Ann compressed her lips disapprovingly as she continued to knit. For the past half-hour the busybody had been quizzing her about her travelling-companions, the young Carroll couple and their two-year-old offspring, Kip.

Because Ann was tall, severe, angular and wore squarely on her neat, greying hair an ummodish hat skewered by a hatpin, and because the Carroll couple, the casual Josie and the mercurial Ken, seemed to leave their small son a good deal to her care, the inquisitive lady had made the mistake of assuming that Ann was Kip's nurse. Ann had explained firmly that she was just a friend of the Carrolls.

In fact, she was a rather intimate friend, for Kip had been born in her nursing-home. He had been born to the electrifying rhythm of *Bonga-Bonga-Bonga*, because Ken Carroll and his Horn of Plenty, as he drolly designated his vast, glittery saxaphone, had been on a broadcast programme on that eventful night, and Josie, despite a pardonable preoccupation, had insisted on having the radio on so that she could comment on his performance.

"Corny," had been her somewhat cool evaluation.

Later that same night the gangling young musician himself had turned up, in evening-dress, his yellow hair emotionally awry, to comment with no critical detachment whatever on the peacefully sleeping outcome of Josie's own performance. And later still, the boys in the band with him had arrived loyally with their instruments to render "Sonny Boy" and "Sweet and Low" by way of a congratulatory serenade under the nursing-home windows.

SUCH goings-on had been something novel in the meek routine of the nursing-home. To Ann, Josie's whole sojourn in her care had been an interlude of alarms and hilarities. The Carroll couple had fascinated Ann, yet worried her. They had seemed so young to her—Josie nineteen, Ken twenty-one—that when the time had come for Josie and her baby to go home, Ann had felt she wanted to keep an eye on them. Fortunately, they hadn't had far to go, as Ken and the band had had a contract at the time at a large hotel in the neighbouring town, and it had been easy for Ann to pop over twice a week on the bus.

Though always warmly welcomed, she had felt misgivings about their home life, for their flat seemed invariably abandoned to loud music and riotous youth. Sitting bolt upright, her hat-pin flashing, her knitting-needles clicking, her lips compressed as she sniffed the air for intimations of marijuana, Ann had felt herself at first unaccountably out-of-place. But as they had seemed to take her for granted, she soon had got over her sense of incongruity. Happily, too, her apprehensions about Indian hemp had proved unfounded, the Carrolls and

She was in her nightgown, wrap and slippers, her hair in its thinning grey plait. There was no moon, but in the hot purple night shone countless stars.

Ken still had his Horn of Plenty. He was down in the lounge with it now, limbering up his fingers in readiness to be worked to the bone when he got home.

their guests deriving their vitality from a diet of rollmops and salami, indispensable items which the hospitable Ken furnished in abundance, *via* a delicatessen called Sammy's, from his Horn of Plenty.

His implicit faith in the bottomless properties of this cornucopæia had been less and less shared by Ann, as her visits to the flat had come insidiously to play a significant part in her life. Thrift always had been to her a guiding principle, and to see Josie and Ken blithely squandering every penny they got had filled her with fears for their future, especially for the future of their defenceless child, Kip.

MANY things had worried her for Kip, because Josie was a casual girl, unperturbed by anything much. Arriving at the flat, Ann always had hastened to check up on Kip first thing. Inexplicably, he flourished. Darkly suspecting irregularities in his regimen, Ann had marvelled at his well-being. He seemed to have inherited his mother's equable nature. The only things he got from his father were his yellow hair and his toy saxaphone.

"He won't be parted from his horn," Ken often had pointed out smugly. "Kip's got a natural embouchure!"

Ken himself, for the head of a family, was disturbingly unstable. He lacked ballast. Sometimes, to Ann, he seemed positively unhinged. It had worried her, because of Kip. She herself, for example, long had envisaged as a dismaying possibility the termination of his contract at the hotel. Yet, to Ken himself, this calamity had come as a thunderclap. It had demoralised him. On the evening the blow had fallen, Ann had arrived at the flat to find him, in the rôle of artistic and financial bankrupt, a mere ruin in white tie and tails, prostrate on the chesterfield, never to rise again.

"Done for!" had been the theme of his epitaph. "Dance music—plugging commercials—all I was ever good for. Never the real thing—always knew it! Yet I took my wife from a good home—alienated her family. Never should have done it! Knew in my heart I was no more a born father and family man than I was a progressive musician. I should have gone to sea—always wanted to—a rolling stone, foot-loose!" His voice had soared to a tragical shout: "If only I could get *away* from it all!"

"Ken," Josie had said, glancing up from some cartons into which she had been interestedly prying, "these are green olives, not black ones. Sammy *is* a dope!"

Josie's composure, on that night of harrowed feelings, had shocked Ann. The girl had seemed impervious to the impact of stark reality. Ann herself had taken so tight-lipped a view of the family's situation that she had been astounded when, in ensuing weeks, Ken had rallied sufficiently from his inordinate despairs as to make a little stop-gap money by what he called "gigging." And one day she had arrived at the flat to find him, against all probability, restored to a state of vaulting enthusiasm.

"Ann," he had greeted her, in his overwrought way, "we 're just off to Tangier!"

"Tangier?" The seeming irrelevance of the proposition had dizzied Ann. She had felt a clutch at her heart. "Not Kip, too, surely?"

"But of course," Ken had said. "The sea voyage 'll set him up. Ann, I 'm on to a gold-mine! One of the boys was telling me bookings are going begging in the Tangier night clubs. Town's full of 'em—international zone, hotbed of smuggling, everyone coining money. When I 've sold up the furniture here and paid Sammy's bill, I 'll have just enough left for our travel allowances and one-way tickets. If I don't drop into a sweet night-club spot right away, I 'll think I 'm losing my magic!"

Ann had drawn deeply into her lungs all the air in the vicinity and compressed her lips on it long enough to reach a decision. Amazed, she had heard herself, pale but determined, announce firmly, "I haven't had a holiday for years. I 'm coming with you!"

* * *

These details were no concern of the inquisitive lady's, and Ann kept them to herself. She went on with her knitting. Across the sparkle of the morning sea, the lonely building on Cape San Vicente had slid some way astern. She glanced at Kip. Hurdled in by his play-pen, the amenable child sat on a rug, fingering his saxaphone. Such parts of him as were revealed by his rompers already were getting brown. The breeze blew his yellow hair about. His eyes, a cool grey like his mother's, met Ann's, and he smiled.

"Ann-Ann-Ann," he said with a tolerant gesture.

But the inquisitive lady disliked to see good gossiping time wasted. "Such a pretty girl, your young Mrs. Carroll, Miss Trewen," this pest persisted. "Tell me, now—the young man with her at the moment *isn't* the husband, I fancy?"

She was just indulging in a little gratuitous malice, and Ann knew it; but instinctively, with a flash of her hat-pin, she herself glanced down over the promenade-deck rail. On the deck below, far forward, where the white bows of the liner thrust serenely into the silver-blue, illimitable dazzle, Josie was sitting on the slant of a canvas-covered hatch, her hands clasped lightly about her knees. Already brown from the sunshine, and with her smooth hair a shade paler than Kip's, she looked, in her white skirt and sandals, her blue shirt and little blue ear-clips, relaxed and cool, a picture of nonchalant mischief.

"So young," repeated the inquisitive lady, with an acid simper. "Whoever would take her for the mother of this dear little boy?"

The dear little boy obviously was remote from the thoughts of Josie's companion, a young man with a tanned, craggy face and close-cropped dark hair. He reclined lengthily at her side on

Josie was nonchalantly around with a young man she had met on board, a planter on his way home from Zanzibar.

HERE on deck there was just Ann and Kip, and that inevitable shipboard figure, the lady with a chronic inquisitiveness about all her fellow passengers

the hatch, and propped on an elbow, was studying her profile with the tranced absorption of an opium addict.

Ann had seen him at this before. Her needles clicked censoriously. His name was Alec Ransom. A planter on his way to Borneo or somewhere, he sat at a neighbouring table to Ann and the Carrolls in the dining-saloon, and he couldn't keep his eyes off Josie. The way he was looking at the girl now, Ann hardly wondered that people like the inquisitive lady scurried about the ship passing remarks behind their hands.

Ann felt annoyed. She wondered where Ken was. But she could guess. Either he would be sitting in, with his saxophone, at rehearsal with the boys of the ship's band, or, as was more likely, he would be hanging on the reminiscences of a man he had met aboard called Max Drummond.

A rakish, hard-bitten individual, Drummond owned a yacht now lying at Gibraltar; and from what Ken had said about him, Ann knew that Drummond had lived just the kind of pillar-to-post, adventurous life for which Ken himself restlessly yearned. Just as Josie spent most of her time aboard with Alec Ransom, so Ken spent most of his with Drummond. While Ann minded the baby. . . .

She glanced with blue, troubled eyes at Kip in his playpen where he looked so happy and content.

The inquisitive lady also had turned her attention to Kip. An inspired meddler, she said: "Ought he to put that flute thing to his mouth? Germs, you know, Miss Trewen, germs. . . ." She leaned toward Kip with wheedling hand and saccharin smirk. "There, dear—give to auntie. . . ."

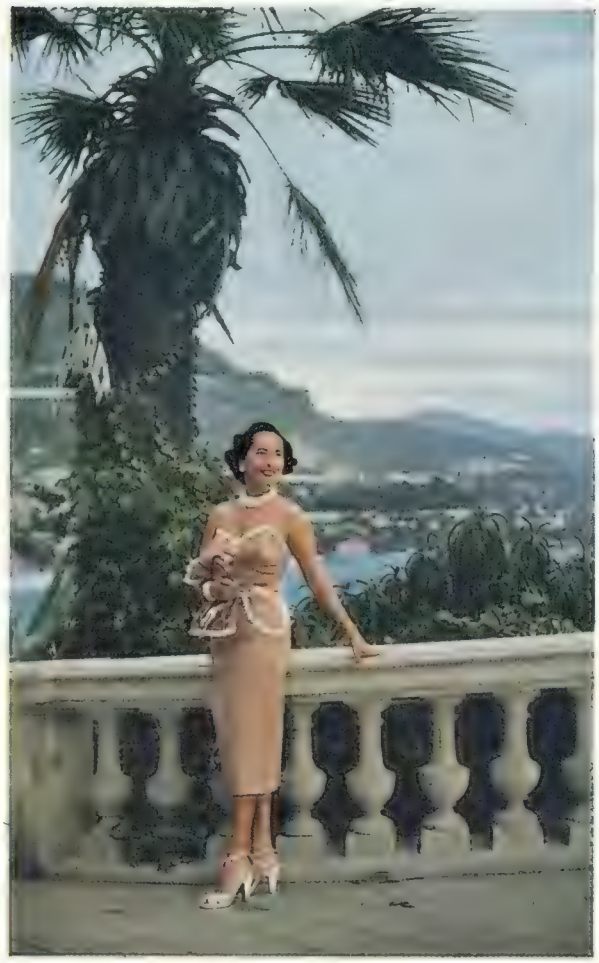
The astonished Kip bumped himself backward to a neutral corner of his playpen, covering up (*Continued on page* 58)

c

Dorothy Tutin's prettiness in *The Importance Of Being Earnest* was admirably suited by the extravagantly feminine costumes of 1895 which were substituted for the original setting of 1908

It Started In Paradise, a film about a dress shop, is a feast of contemporary clothes for feminine audiences. Kay Kendall, one of the stars, in a suit by Sheila Graham, who designed the costumes

Meticulous accuracy marked the designing of costumes for *The Importance Of Being Earnest*. Even contemporary corsets were included. Joan Greenwood's dress, above, is of cream lace over pink satin. ***(Right)*** Merle Oberon on location for *Twenty-four Hours Of A Woman's Life* is photographed wearing one of the dresses from the film



Julie Harris

Beatrice Dawson

By RUTH MILLER

Dressing A Film

is a job for a dress designer who can create clothes to fit the story as well as they fit the stars

Margaret Lockwood in one of the dresses designed by Norman Hartnell for her new film, "Trent's Last Case"

ORIGINALLY, the film version of *The Importance of Being Earnest* was meant to be set in 1908—because director Anthony Asquith remembered his mother in that year's gorgeous fashions. But when we saw the film, the clothes were vintage 1895. No—no one had slipped up. On the contrary. The film's costume designer, "Bumble" Dawson, had convinced Mr. Asquith that the spiky, garish gay-nineties finery suited Wilde's malicious wit better than the softer, less ostentatious fashions of a decade later.

This incident illustrates perfectly the secret of good "film dressing." Screen clothes are the actors' background; they should emphasise characterization at every point; they should fit the action and, of course, suit the wearer. In fact, the clothes should help the story along imperceptibly. The civil servant's pin stripes and bowler, the Ascot deb.'s picture-hat, the spiv's wide shoulders and the tight skirt of the girl with loose morals are obvious conventions. It's the subtle emphasis which helps us to "get" the characters. The little twiddly bits on a woman's dress may pass unnoticed at first, but if the woman wears an equally silly hat in the next scene, we damn her as fussy; the garish sash in one scene may not register, but add to that a showy chunk of jewellery in the next and we are getting suspicious. Flat heels and a well-cut coat are unobtrusive, but if the same actress wears a not-very-tight skirt and a well-fitting blouse a few minutes later we begin to see that she is interested in her appearance but independent enough to prefer comfort to slavish fashion.

Clothes also strengthen the impression characters make on each other. It is obvious to make Rita Hayworth wear a seductive creation on the veranda in the moonlight with "him"; but there is something much more subtle in the "dress-relationship" of Anne Baxter and Bette Davis in *All About Eve*. Gradually, so that one notices only the cumulative effect, Anne's clothes begin to outshine Bette's until in the end, when Bette Davis was defeated, even her dress emphasized it.

That is film dressing at its best—needing meticulous care in planning and interminable discussions with the director to find out exactly what he is after. When at last the designer knows the director's mind, her problems start. First she consults the art director. Ideally, sets and clothes should be planned together; in practice sets have usually been built before clothes are decided on. Now, more than ever, as colour is beginning to oust black and white, sets and clothes have to "go." And it isn't only a case of avoiding colour clashes, as the same colour can look different against different backgrounds. It is rather like a jigsaw puzzle, this selecting of, say, greens and pinks so that they don't all look like dirty greys on the screen. A vast technical knowledge is needed to foresee what the reflection of one colour, in one particular material, may do to another, in a different material. Designers have to train their mind's eye to "see" what real-life colours will look like on the colour screen. Before the scissors get to work, colour tests of the chosen materials are often made.

Norman Hartnell, designing for the new Wilcox-Neagle production "Trent's Last Case," created this white tulle evening gown for Margaret Lockwood

DESPITE these technical pitfalls, colour-designing is easier and much more rewarding. In black and white, effects depend entirely on tone, outline and contrast. In colour the scope is almost unlimited. For instance, when Julie Harris was designing clothes for *Made In Heaven*, the film was first planned in black and white. For a "stunning effect," Miss Harris designed a smart black suit with a white fox fur. Then the film was suddenly (*Continued on page 70*)

Elizabeth Siddall, inspiration, model and sister to the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, posed to Millais for "Ophelia." Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

The rôle of the artist's model, like art itself, changes with the times. The romantic bohèmes of the last century have a trade union in this

The Model and the Muse

WHEN the well-born young artist, Édouard Manet, showed his picture, "Déjeuner sur L'Herbe" ("The Picnic") in Paris in 1863, he was reviled with such epithets as "subversive" and even "decadent."

His detractors attacked him, as usual, in the name of outraged public morality. A suggestible public was persuaded that the very chastity of its daughters was being threatened by the painting.

"The Picnic" shows an attractive young naked woman sitting in a forest. She looks completely self-possessed, despite the company of two fully dressed, cravated gentlemen. Perhaps if she had seemed a little more aware of the impropriety of the situation, Manet's offence might have appeared less, but her self-possession completed the outrage.

The scandal of "The Picnic" was surpassed two years later, when Manet exhibited "L'Olympe" ("Olympia") at the Salon. Here was a nude woman, so obviously a courtesan, surrounded by the fruits of her sin. She reclines on a couch. A Negress hands her a bouquet of flowers. At the feet of the nude is a black cat, suggestive of the poet, Baudelaire, and, therefore, symbolistic of all things licentious and evil.

It caused such a sensation at the Salon that attendants had to hold back the public from attacking it with fists, umbrellas, or whatever weapon of desecration might be at hand.

To-day, both "The Picnic" and "Olympia" have their unsensational places of honour among the vast art treasures of the Louvre. Manet's name is revered, and Victorine Meurend, the model who posed with Manet's brother and future brother-in-law for "The Picnic," is a romantic figure of the past.

To-day there seems nothing indecent in Manet's pictures or in Mlle Victorine's pose. A present-day model would accept such a pose as part of her professional task—an unemotional and entirely impersonal task. She would accept publicity as a compliment to her arduous, skilful work.

UNEMOTIONAL, impersonal, arduous, skilful: yes, the work of an artist's model is all these things. Yet, to the layman and laywoman, an aura of romanticism still surrounds the model. This is a throw-back to Victorian days, to the legend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddall.

The pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—that group of earnest, romantic artists—saw in Elizabeth the personification of the dreamy, ethereal womanhood they idealized in their paintings.

Elizabeth Siddall, the daughter of a Sheffield cutler, posed for Holman Hunt's Sylvia, Millais's drowning Ophelia, and Rossetti's Beatrice. She was the Brotherhood's favourite model. She became Rossetti's exclusive model. She became the subject of his idealized love, given expression in his paintings and in his poetry. She returned his love, wrote

Manet's "Déjeuner sur L'Herbe," which created a national scandal when first exhibited, now hangs among the other masterpieces of art in the Louvre. This sketch for the final picture is reproduced by courtesy of the Courtauld Institute

With current trends towards abstract and non-representational art, to-day the model finds her chief source of employment in art schools

poems to him, about him, but her love was less ethereal than his. She became his wife, and bore him a stillborn child. She died at twenty-nine, twelve years after she came to the Brotherhood. She died from an overdose of laudanum.

She had never enjoyed robust health. Some attributed her death directly to her devotion as a model. For the now famous "Ophelia" picture, she had posed, lying, richly dressed, in a bath at Millais's lodgings in Gower Street. The artist had put a lamp under the bath to keep the water tepid, but the lamp went out. Millais did not notice, and went on painting. Lizzy would not complain, so devoted was she to the cause of pre-Raphaelite art, so anxious to please the brethren. That icy ordeal caused her death ultimately, said some. Others, more wildly, said that her waist-length copper hair had sapped her strength. More than any other feature, perhaps, it was her hair that endeared Lizzy to the brethren. All their pale, angelic beauties had this shimmering copper hair even before she came to them. They would not let her cut her hair.

With Rossetti, Elizabeth knew bitter frustrations. He promised her marriage for years, time and again, before he fulfilled his promise. He loved her, he said, and yet so idealized her that merely to touch her lips seemed almost a defilement, a sacrilege. While she yearned, he took his physical love to another model, the much less spiritual Fanny Cornforth.

But how romantic all poor Lizzy's sufferings seem now in the syrupy, sentimental prose in which the story of her life has been so often told.

IN the Edwardian age, the romanticism takes on a more modern, more commercial note. Yet it persists. Marion Tattershall was the favourite model of Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir Frank Dicksee and other fashionable R.A.s. "Glory," as the artists called her, had knee-length, red-gold hair, and was often painted as a fairy-tale princess or a legendary heroine. There was something fairy-tale, too, about her marriage to wealthy Nicholas Fabergé, son of Carl Fabergé, the Russian Czar's court jeweller.

Connie Gilchrist was a model to Whistler, among others, before she made her name on the music-hall, before she married Lord Orkney. She began as the daughter of a charwoman. There was no denying that the romanticists had some substantial facts to support them.

Despite the "romantic" aspect of the models' work, there was something not quite nice and respectable about it. The methods of recruitment used by artists were fortuitous, to say the least. Also, the places in which some of them searched for models—and found them—should not, in those days before the First World War, have persuaded Mrs. Worthington to think of the artist's studio as any more suitable than the stage for her daughter.

Elizabeth Siddall was "discovered" by Walter Deverell when she was working as a milliner's assistant in a cheap London shop. The voluptuous Fanny Cornforth was the wife of a drunkard. Rossetti met her in the Strand (*Continued on page* 68)

by

Charles Kingdom

(**Left**) Evelyn Waugh, whose latest novel **"Men At Arms"** is the first of a trilogy. (**Centre**) Joyce Cary, author of **"Prisoner Of Grace."** (**Right**) Harriet Douglas is the subject of Angus Davidson's biography entitled **"Miss Douglas Of New York"**

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

THE more I read memoirs the more am I astonished at the remarkable women who emerged from staid Victorian domesticity. In 1862 Mrs. Anna Leonowens, at twenty-seven, was invited by King Mongkut of Siam to become governess to his children. She filled the post for five and a half years, published *An English Governess At The Court Of Siam* in 1870, and in 1873 a successor, now reprinted for the first time, **"Siamese Harem Life"** (Arthur Barker, 21s.). It is so vividly written, so packed with graphic stories, that I marvel it was left in limbo so long. A typical one is about a girl of sixteen who fled from the court to a monastery because she loved a priest there to whom she had once been bethrothed, and the dire punishment by torture and death that overtook her. Some are records of primitive cruelty, but all are intensely readable, and Rupert Forrest's drawings reflect perfectly the bizarre atmosphere.

AN American contemporary whose life overlapped hers was Harriet Douglas, a wealthy New York woman—"snobbish, romantic, susceptible, flirtatious"—who had a passion for literary lion-hunting, travelled widely, cultivated friendships with Scott, Wordsworth, Maria Edgeworth, Sydney Smith, Samuel Rogers, Washington Irving and others, and at forty-three married a Henry Cruger who soon tired of her bossy egotism, separated from her, and brought a lawsuit against her and her brothers. Angus Davidson's **"Miss Douglas Of New York"** (Sidgwick & Jackson, 18s.) is a spirited biography of the dubious charmer based on diaries, letters and family records. He says of the ill-fated marriage: "it was as though she wished to punish Cruger, not merely for his ten years of unrequited devotion, but for having at last succeeded in making her marry him." In short, she preferred her literary lions to a tame one prowling about the house.

HOW charmingly simple, by contrast, was the life of Jade Snow Wong, daughter of an overall-maker in San Francisco's Chinatown, who would take her with him when he trundled material to homeworking seamstresses in a wheelbarrow! In **"Fifth Chinese Daughter"** (Hurst & Blackett, 15s.) she tells of her first twenty-four years culminating in a secretarial job in a wartime shipyard, then writing and making pottery. An elder sister's wedding at the Chinese Methodist Chapel is one of the highspots of a unique autobiography.

WHILE Jade was stepping timidly out of traditional Chinese family life in 'Frisco, Barbara Ann Scott in Canada was training madly at skating lessons which were to take her to Olympic triumphs, encouraged by a crippled father who had been left for dead on a heap of corpses when a shell shot away one hip at St. Julien in 1915. **"Skate With Me"** (Alvin Redman, 21s.) is her liberally illustrated story with valuable hints for amateurs and diagrammatic expositions of School Figures and Free Skating.

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER'S career has been a richly varied one, from an Irish Guards commission in 1910 to C.-in-C. Middle East, planner of El Alamein, deputy commander in Italy, Governor-General of Canada, and Minister of Defence. Norman Hillson does not attempt to tell us of the inner psychology of the man who is also a gifted painter, like Mr. Churchill. **"Alexander Of Tunis"** (W. H. Allen, 18s.) is a concise, workmanlike biography of the formal, official side of him and his achievements. (*Continued on page* 63)

Frances Parkinson Keyes who romanticizes family life in her latest novel **"Steamboat Gothic"**

A GUIDE FOR PARENTS

REARING a family is a two-way business; not only can parents bring the best out of children, children can bring the best out of parents. That is the sane if unsensational view of Amabel Williams-Ellis in a sequel to *The Art Of Being A Woman*, **"The Art Of Being A Parent"** (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.). From wide reading she examines the theories of authorities and formulates her own on most aspects of family nurture, schooling, health, morals and religion. Difficult as it is to write on this subject without labouring the trite and obvious—she propounds a philosophy, suggests a line of approach, which most parents should find helpful. I trust that some precocious imp, seeing Pops or Mom immersed in this book, will not have the temerity to say: "Go it, Pops (or Mom). You're never too old to learn!"

By H. E. W. GAY

PROTECTIVE COLOURING

WHENEVER my eye falls on a book about birds I once bought I think of Mrs. Lucrezia Caterina Smith. I think of her because in it there is an illustration of Nature's kindly protection of partridges by providing them with plumage so like their surroundings one would never know they were there. But when my thoughts pass on from the innocence of birds to the sophistication of Mrs. Smith I smile.

I met her when I opened an account for her in the London bank where I work as a cashier, and her appearance was so striking that I am afraid I must have stared at her unforgivably.

"May I open a small account?" she asked in that pleasant voice I came to know so well.

At once I began to impart all that information, to utter all those assurances that I have expressed so frequently I could repeat them in my sleep. But I spun them out and wove variations upon them in order that I might study her more intently.

"Even here, you know," I was saying, suppressing any note of uncertainty that might have crept into my voice, "we do not measure people entirely by their money." But all the time I was taking in the striking details of her appearance, the classically regular features, the silver hair, the cloak she wore, elegant but patched. And those other two things about her that seemed so out of place until their significance came home to one with a shock—her dark glasses and the stick she was obliged to carry.

"Will you kindly write your name here?" I asked, and as she put her eyes close to the paper to set down that strange combination, *Lucrezia Caterina* and *Smith* I felt the first pricking of that idle curiosity about people, particularly ladies, which I, an elderly bachelor, can perhaps more safely indulge than my more prudently preoccupied married colleagues.

"Strange names, are they not?" she asked, looking up, and I was as delighted with the slight pedantry of "are they not?" as I was baffled by the glasses that hid her eyes.

ALREADY my curiosity was no longer idle. I sensed some mystery here. Not that I suspected anything very sinister. In fact, I hoped not; for whenever I have stumbled upon the sinister it has turned out to be quite boring after the first crude shock of discovery. But that there would be at least some paradox of character, some piquant mystery, of that I felt sure.

"They are indeed strange names," I said. "They suggest to me," and I drew myself up and smiled in a way I have when I wish to launch a conversation with a lady who is sufficiently well-bred not to suppose I am making love to her, "they suggest to me two very formidable persons who

LUCKILY Mrs. Smith was only passing through the church door, and so I was able to catch her up before she disappeared into the crowd at the bottom of the steps

lived in Italy a long while ago. They were noted, I believe, for ingenuity in murder, unscrupulousness in diplomacy, and an admirable taste in the fine arts."

"But you are forgetting," she said, "that my surname is Smith."

I was filled with a silent chuckling delight as I bowed acknowledgement of her reproof. Not only was there something here to find out, but she possessed that air of a lady which bid fair to make my pursuit of the mystery delightful. That she was not well-to-do was obvious from her handbag and her cloak. That she was interesting was equally obvious from her features and her conversation. But that one could never judge with certainty from appearances I knew from the recent notorious Elsporth case. When Mrs. Elsporth had come in to open a joint account with her husband I had been struck by what I can only describe as the refined spirituality of her face. It was that of an angel and her voice was as soft as a dove's. But that didn't prevent the beautiful creature from poisoning her husband with arsenic.

"I hope to pay in small sums from time to time," Mrs. Smith said as she counted out twenty pounds in notes from her bag.

As I checked them she reverted to the Christian names that had interested me. "I am Italian by birth," she said, "and my mother had an idea that her family was descended from the Borgias. So she called me Lucrezia. Fortunately few people realize its horrid significance."

But although I found her very willing to talk whenever she came in she never revealed anything about herself—a feat, now I come to think of it, which is achieved by no other lady of my acquaintance.

HER payments into the bank, I noticed, consisted invariably of notes, with an occasional fiver. There were never any cheques and the intervals of paying in and the amounts were never regular. Neither were any cheques drawn out except to herself. This, of course, made it unlikely that she conducted any ordinary business.

"What do you think," I said to her one day, trying a shot in the dark, "is going to win the three-thirty?"

"What happens at three-thirty?" she asked.

I stifled my annoyance at the scarcely suppressed guffaw from young Jackson who worked at the desk behind me. And when I had explained to what I had alluded, Mrs. Smith made a charming gesture of horrified astonishment.

"If you ask me," said young Jackson when she had gone out, "the old duck's rather enjoying herself with you."

I said nothing. One does not argue with insensibility nor waste one's breath reproving such expressions as "old duck" applied to a lady. Momentarily, I confess, "old duck" disgusted me. But I grow inured to the peculiar vocabulary of the post-war young who, in fact, sometimes amuse me. Indeed, I am sure young Jackson cannot possibly think my mind more odd than I think his.

"What is more," he said, "I don't believe she's so blind as she'd like you to think."

"Such a pretence would be quite unprofitable," I replied rather tartly, "in anyone who wasn't an organ-grinder, a pavement artist or a vendor of matches in the street."

"There may be other rackets where it would come in equally handy," he said with a broad grin as I looked round at him. But he was obviously more concerned to annoy my than to throw any light on the character of Mrs. Smith.

WHEN next I saw her, however, it was in such surroundings as banished from my mind the slightest suspicion that there might be something in Jackson's crude suggestion that her partial blindness was a pretence. Our office is not very far from St. Martin's Church, and when I can manage it on a day when they have an attractive programme, I slip in to listen to one of their mid-day concerts. I got in a little late on this particular day but one of the churchwardens whom I know exchanged smiles and signs with me and allowed me to step over the silk cord which they place across the aisle when the concert begins. A pianoforte solo was in progress, a rather lovely little thing of Debussy's about a cathedral bell that

I WALKED with the glasses slowly towards her so that I could look at those extraordinary eyes before she covered them again. They had an alertness that was more catlike than human

rings fathoms down under the sea. It was just sufficiently familiar to me to recognize it with pleasure as I took my seat.

But my enjoyment was enhanced when I discovered who was sitting a little further down the aisle on the opposite side. At an angle, for her head was turned towards the pianist, I was hardly aware of those disfiguring dark glasses that Mrs. Smith wore, and so I could the more freely admire the features that the silver hair set off so becomingly.

How preposterous, I thought, as I sat there listening to the music, that I should ever have paid the slightest attention to those vague but unbecoming suggestions concerning her character. It was delightful to find her here and to be enjoying with her such enchanting music. With what pleasure should I look forward to mentioning it when she came into the bank, not only as a subject for conversation but as a means of lifting our relationship permanently beyond the plane where doubts and suspicions could ever be entertained.

MY pleasant thoughts were cut short by the ending of the piece and by our having to kneel down to pray. I wish they wouldn't do it in the middle of a concert, but I suppose it is in the nature of a tribute exacted by the officiating clergyman who possibly feels that he ought to come into the programme somewhere. At any rate I cannot so swiftly accommodate myself to a prayerful mood, and I am afraid I sometimes unobtrusively look through my fingers at what is going on around me.

On this occasion I observed that a strange man with a sack was sitting in the pew immediately behind Mrs. Smith. He kept looking about him in the most furtive manner and his lips moved as he seemed to be silently muttering something which I do not think was a prayer. I did not like it, and something about him and his sack suddenly reminded me of the notices that are placed near the door of the church—BEWARE OF HANDBAG THIEVES. I could just see the top of Mrs. Smith's handbag on the pew beside her and I determined to keep my eyes on him in case he should reach over and grab it while she was on her knees absorbed in prayer. But after a time I concluded that my suspicions were unfounded and his unpleasant muttering nothing more sinister than a nervous affliction. So for a few moments I lowered my eyes with propriety and rested my forehead on my hands.

WHEN I looked up again, however, Mrs. Smith was just walking past my pew on her way out. So she, too, I was pleased to observe, was a little impatient of clerical intrusion upon our musical programme. And then, luckily, I spotted she had left behind her handbag on the pew seat. For a moment I thought I would take it with me at the end of the concert and give it to her when she came into the bank. But unfortunately it occurred to me that, not only would she feel distressed when she discovered her loss, but she (*Continued on page* 64)

Illustration by
J. S. GOODALL

This is a self portrait of Hilliard, one of the greatest of the Elizabethan miniaturists. (Victoria and Albert Museum)

Renaissance of The Miniature

THE beautiful miniature of Princess Anne, recently completed by the Australian artist, Mrs. Stella Marks, has revived popular interest in the somewhat overlooked art of miniature painting.

If asked for a definition of a miniature, most people would answer without hesitation, "Oh, a very small painting on ivory, of course." How wrong ! Raymond Lister, the expert on miniatures, in his book says, "The relationship of a miniature to a life-size painting is what chamber music is to the symphony." A miniature should be no larger than seven inches by five, and the head should be no longer than two inches. But there are many paintings just as small as this which are still not miniatures. It is the technique employed, not the size of the picture which makes a miniature.

The technique used in miniature painting is quite different from other painting. The brush-strokes are unbelievably fine and the colour is put on in stippling, never a wash. Every detail is so delicate and finished that it can be scrutinized under a magnifying glass, which is actually the correct way of looking at a miniature.

"A miniature is very intimate and personal, intended to be looked at by one person at one time and should call up the very personality and presence of the sitter." Perhaps that is the reason why the miniature portrait is always popular during times of war, right back to the fifteenth century, when Charles VIII of France set forth with his armies to cross the Alps, and every knight wore beneath his armour and next his heart a jewelled locket containing the ivory miniature portrait of his lady love.

Nowadays, another consideration makes the miniature popular. They are the perfect picture for the small room of the modern flat. Their glowing, delicate quality is right for an intimate, small-scale décor, and they can be grouped in any small wall space with great charm.

But if miniatures are to be used as wall pictures, there are warnings. Never hang a miniature in direct sunlight or the soft flesh tints will surely fade. Don't hang them too near the fire, or they may crack, or the smoke may get into the frame and discolour the paint. And most urgent, avoid any damp, for mildew forming inside the frame is a menace to every miniature collector.

But for all that, there is no need to keep miniatures wrapped in cottonwool and stored away like museum pieces. Miniatures were not meant for this. They are intended to be lived with, and will fade and lose their jewel-like lustre if banished from life and love.

HANS HOLBEIN the Younger, who settled in Henry VIII's England, seems to have been the father of the miniature as we know it to-day. Miniature painting developed from the art of manuscript illumination, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth it was in great vogue. But it is the eighteenth-century Richard Cosway who is perhaps the most widely known of all miniature painters. This fabulous artist was so productive that he scorned the accepted method of working only an hour or two at such meticulous and concentrated work. In 1770 he is said to have painted a dozen miniatures a day. One of the most admired miniaturists, John Smart, known as Honest John, disliked the over-glamorized pictures which made Cosway popular. He was so forthright that he carefully portrayed the crumpled condition of his coat and the signs of wrinkles in his own self-portrait.

Mrs. L. A. Ogilvie, who is considered one of the leading miniaturists of the present day, loves to paint delicate fabrics on the matt, smooth surface of the ivory, the shine of satin, the bloom of velvet, the airy transparency of tulle. "People wrongly imagine that the ivory we work on is something like a piano key," she says. Actually the ivory "leaf" as it is called, is as matt as an egg-shell with a delicate surface to paint on.

WORKING on so small a scale, miniaturists have to use infinite care to avoid marring the ivory surface with minute particles of grit, dust or fluff.

Indeed, according to Hilliard, one of the Elizabethan masters, the artist should bind up his head to prevent dandruff falling on his work, should use especially purified water, never touch anything with his fingers, and generally behave like a modern surgeon in an operating theatre.

Mrs. Joyce Kilburn, a successful contemporary miniaturist, says that she could hardly accept such restrictions, as she has to manage her own housework while painting. She is one of the few miniaturists who portray dogs and cats.

Mrs. Ogilvie and Mrs. Marks are two women miniaturists who successfully paint men. Mrs. Marks has been commissioned to paint several of the leading men of the times. Mrs. Ogilvie usually chooses square frames for her portraits of men, because men are more angular in form, and she likes to frame her portraits of women in ovals, to show off the curves of the female figure.

Prices for commissioned miniatures vary. Some good artists will accept a commission for fifty guineas, some ask rather more, and beware if anyone tells you that a tinted portrait is just the same. It is not. A miniature must interpret the spirit and personality and it must be a thing of beauty in its own right.

MURIEL SEGAL

Cosway's portrait of Mrs. Lowther mounted in the lid of a gold and white snuff box. (Victoria and Albert Museum)

The miniature has held its position of honour in the sphere of art since the sixteenth century. To-day, gifted exponents are bringing this delicate art into renewed popular favour

"The Flag Lily," by Dorothy Gray

"Patricia," daughter of the artist, by Stella L. Marks

"Rose Study," by Dorothy Gray

Portrait by L. A. Ogilvie

"Aurea," by Joyce Kilburn

SIR HILARY CARRUTHERS-BROWNE walked down the steps of his Wimpole Street consulting rooms to his car. Just as he was big enough to do without rooms in Harley Street, so he could afford to run a car that was not a Rolls. For a good many years now, very few prominent appendices throughout the country had got away without his assistance. He had no further need to impress anyone, and he was rather inclined to make a virtue of it.

The uniformed chauffeur opened the car door for him and touched his peaked cap :

"Home, Sir Hilary?"

Sir Hilary paused for a moment with his foot on the step.

"I suppose so, Martin," he said, and he got in.

He supposed so! That was just the trouble : he didn't know what he did want. Life had become a tiresome routine. Not just to-day and yesterday, but for a very long time. Fifty years old and at the height of his powers—and what did it all amount

THEY went some distance along the street to a darker and much less populated part, preceded, surrounded and followed by children of all ages and sexes

For some time life had been a tiresome routine. Success can be so dreary. . . . They had yet to learn the humanizing influence of poverty

A HATLESS young woman came out hugging a large bottle. Apparently she was the last patient. Behind her was obviously the doctor himself

By Edward Fitzgerald

to? An appointment book scrupulously kept by someone else, and everything taken off his hands, absolutely everything, except a consultation here and an appendix there, and then another consultation and another appendix. With big cheques—which he no longer needed—arriving in a steady stream.

There was the hospital work, of course, but a poor man's appendix was no different. And as for the operation itself, he could do it blindfold—had practically done it that way on one occasion when the lights of a nursing home had failed. Extraordinary how that had got around! And he could quite safely do it much quicker than he dared—it would look bad, like over-confidence or carelessness.

At one time he had been keenly interested in his job, even enthusiastic. But that had been before he specialized. Not that he had deliberately specialized. It had been more or less imposed on him. After a while a man is compelled to live according to his reputation—and so he had become the chief snapper-up of vermiform appendices.

It had brought him success—which he had wanted. It had brought him a title—which he had wanted. It had brought him money—which he had wanted. It had brought him a rich young wife. And he had wanted Mollie Carruthers. Still did, as far as that went, but it was difficult to want something you had already got with quite the same fervour you wanted something you hadn't got.

He had tried to get interested in quite a lot of things. Golf, for example. Many men he knew lived for it. But that seemed to save themselves from boredom by imposing it on others. He had gone on a long holiday cruise, but after a while he had felt like diving over the side and swimming home. Now shooting might have helped, but he wasn't good enough at it. It was no fun listening to the unspoken comments of your loader and knowing that if there were any justice in the world you'd be loading for him.

AT one time reading had meant a great deal to him, and he could still recall—theoretically if not emotionally—the joy of his first acquaintance with Dostoevsky. Quite recently he had tried reading *The Brothers Karamazov* again, but he had found himself skipping that, too.

Even poetry! In his bedroom was a shelf of poets, including the moderns he had tried so hard to like. His old favourites didn't exactly bore him, but they no longer held him, no longer released their old magic. They were supposed to be his bedside books: the nightly balm to soothe all irritation and restore serenity. But how often did he open one now?

He took up the speaking-tube:

"I think I'll drop in at the club after all, Martin."

"Very good, Sir Hilary."

Old Ridgie would almost certainly be there. Now that was another fellow who was probably in much the same case. He spent far too much time dining out, going to First Nights, dancing, hovering round women, and generally doing the round of metropolitan pleasures, to be a really happy man. His career had been very similar, too. The people who came to Sir Hilary Carruthers-Browne to part with their appendices, sent their children to Sir Ridgeway Porterhouse about their tonsils.

We're both successes, he thought. Perhaps that's just it. But if anyone had told me that success could be so dreary. . . . Perhaps success defeated its own ends precisely by removing them? Left nothing to strive for. I've got everything, haven't I? Money, position, a title, a charming and elegant wife—so what more do I want? What is it I *do* want? Or is it just that I don't want anything at all?

He did find Ridgie in the club. At least I've kept my hair, he thought as he spotted the magisterial dome.

"Hallo, Billy!" its owner exclaimed. "You've been sent from heaven. A faithless creature has let me down."

"Place not thy trust in queens, Ridgie. At your age you ought to know better."

"I do, my dear fellow, I do—much better. But it doesn't help a bit. But say you can rescue me from my own company this evening!"

"I suppose I can—at the price of suffering it myself."

They had known each other from their student days. They had played rugger together; made subsequent raids on Phineas; celebrated victories and drowned defeats. And they had even spent one night together in the same cell at Vine Street. That early forged bond had stood up to a good many strains since. They had annoyed each other, squabbled with each other, even insulted each other, but they had always come back for more. They were fast friends. And each was the other's only real friend. When you got older you didn't make new friends, only acquaintances.

ORIGINALLY there had been three of them: Hilary Brown, Ridgeway Porterhouse and George Kingsley. But something had happened to George. He had taken his degree all right, but then he had just faded away into a G.P. somewhere. It wasn't that either he or Ridgie had been snobbish. They had both felt real affection for old George. But somehow as they had both become more and more successful the old relationship had slackened and, before they realized it, it had slipped off. When you had money you automatically went where money was—and nowhere else. That was the way of it.

"Apart from having a snifter right now, what shall we do?" asked Sir Ridgeway. "A spot of dinner somewhere, and then a club or two? I know some new ones, interesting places."

"I suppose so," said Sir Hilary without enthusiasm. He remembered the last such evening. They had ended up in a night club early in the morning eating *pâté de foie gras* sandwiches to the sound of trumpets—horribly discordant trumpets; not at all the sort Sidney Smith had meant. And they had drunk too much. Why the hell don't I go home and spend a quiet evening with my wife? he thought.

A club servant brought their drinks.

"In youth it makes conscience readily soluble. In the middle years it encourages and sustains. In age it comforts and consoles," observed Sir Ridgeway. "Here's to it!"

"Oh, Lake!" called out Sir Hilary to the old waiter who had brought their drinks, "get me a Medical Directory please."

"Certainly, Sir Hilary."

"And let's have the same again," added Sir Ridgeway.

"Very good, Sir Ridgeway."

"What on earth do you want the list of the proscribed for, Billy? Got your stethoscope under your hat by any chance?"

"I was thinking of George."

"George? Oh, George! Old George Kingsley. My, it's a hell of a long time since we last saw him! Wonder what's happened to him?"

"That's just what I was wondering, so I thought I'd find out. We might do worse than look him up this evening if he's anywhere within reach. Better than trapesing round your squalid clubs with their rows of hungry trollops and attendant barrow-boys."

"Motor-car salesmen at least, Billy," said Sir Ridgeway reprovingly. "Don't lower the tone of my clubs. Look up old George, eh? Now that *might* be a good idea. On the other hand, it might not. We'd be strangers now, you know. After all, you and I aren't the same men any more, but at least we've changed more or less in the same direction."

THE Medical Directory arrived first, and then the drinks.

Sir Hilary studied the Directory.

"Here he is, right away. 352 Broad Street, Shadwell. How far's Shadwell? Four or five miles? Quarter of an hour in the car. And he might have been living in another world."

"Has been, Billy, has been. It's more than four or five miles from Harley Street to Shadwell, you know. I wonder if he *would* be so pleased to see us. A little house in a mean street. A shop waiting-room with the window painted brown. Surgery in the back room. Smell of cabbage coming up from down below. . . ."

"You're a cynical brute, Ridgie."

"Not at all. But I'm not the bright-eyed little idealist I once was. Not after twenty years in Harley Street. And maybe it's me who's showing consideration to poor old George."

BUT after dinner at the "Ecu de France" they went. Sir Hilary had already dismissed his own car, and Ridgie drove them eastward in his Jaguar saloon. There was very little traffic in the dock area, and they sped through long, grimy streets, sometimes consisting of nothing but walls with occasionally the spars of ships looming up over them, or between rows of small, dark houses, passing an occasional half-empty bus thundering over the cobbles like a glowing planet traversing outer space. Dim forms could be seen here and there in the yellow lamplight, and now and again a patrolling policeman. Pubs were the chief source of light.

"Wonderful place for a murder," said Sir Ridgeway. "Where the hell's everybody?"

They turned into Shadwell Broad Street, which was livelier: two cinemas, several fried-fish shops, all using substitute fats, more pubs, lines of closed shops and quite a number of people.

"Let's leave the car and walk the rest," said Sir Hilary.

They pulled up under a lamp-post and got out. Sir Ridgeway carefully assured himself that both windows were up and all the doors locked. Then they tried to find a number or two to give them their bearings. In the end they had to ask.

(*Continued on page* 80)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYS

"THE only excuse I get now is a game of darts," he said. "The local lads take darts very seriously. . . . By the way if you want a matchstick knocked off the end of your nose with a three-inch nail, Bob here's the lad to do it"

Light On The Subject

BY MARGARET STEVENSON

GOOD lighting does for a room what the right hat does for a woman—brings out all the good points, and tones down all the bad ones! Besides this, of course, it is a sound economy, for intelligent use of lighting ensures the best value for expenditure and cuts down on nervous fatigue by eliminating eye-strain.

In fact, it is not surprising that householders are no longer content to accept the last tenant's tastes and views in lighting, or to make do with the existing inadequate fitments—but are taking more and more interest in the latest developments in the science of lighting.

How to light your rooms depends, of course, on individual taste; but there are certain principles to bear in mind when installing new lighting, or supplementing existing schemes.

WALL lighting, for instance, gives an impression of spaciousness to the smaller room, while a central fixture has the opposite effect, as it tends to attract the eye towards the centre of the room. Dark decorative schemes absorb more light, so that you will need a higher wattage in a room where paint, paper and furnishings are sober, than where the colour-scheme is a light one.

Local lights, which can be arranged where they are required, used in conjunction with diffused background lighting is, generally speaking, a sound common-sense plan for the sitting-room. Concealed fluorescent lighting is an effective modern innovation, and worth consideration. In recent exhibitions, it has been shown allied with window pelmets, picture frames, bookshelves, cabinets and alcoves, where it provides lighting and also becomes a focal point of the *décor* of the room. A window with an unattractive outlook can be made delightful by the addition of Venetian blinds in a pale Adam green, strip lit at the top and again at the window sill.

Plan the lighting so that it comes where required!

An attractive lighting scheme in the contemporary mood by G.E.C. The central ceiling fitment and the local lamps are brass with pleated buckram shades

MINIMUM WATTAGE REQUIREMENTS

	Filament Lamps	*Fluo-rescent*
Hall, landings, passages ...	60	30
Sitting-room	120	80
Easy chairs, desk, sewing-table, etc.	100	30
Dining-room	120	80
Kitchen (total)	200	80
Bedroom (background) ...	100	40
Bedside or bedhead lamps ...	60	30
Dressing-table	120	40
Nursery	150	80
Bathroom	100	40
Attics and cellars	40	30

Standard lamps should be sufficiently high to serve their purpose well without continual adjustment; low enough to focus direct light clearly when required. In the sitting-room, this will be at each side of the hearth, and again at desk or bureau and probably near the settee.

IN the bedroom, obviously the need is for diffused lighting with local lamps beside the bed, and at the dressing-table. Bedhead lamps should be fixed high enough to spread light two or three feet in front of the pillows. Take a little thought for switches; they should be arranged so that lights can be turned off both from door *and* bed.

A good light upon the table is the first need in the dining-room. If the room is small, you may choose wall lighting and a separate lamp or lighting fixture for the table itself. If you decide upon a central light, consider those which incorporate the new type of pulley-suspension, which enables the lamp to be adjusted low or high according to need. A happy combination can often be effected by a central lighting fixture and fluorescent lighting at side-board, fireside recesses or serving hatch.

WHAT about the kitchen? Lighting is a primary necessity here, if work is to be well done and tempers kept cool. A good lighting fixture in the middle of the ceiling, augmented by lamps at working points (sink, stove, table) is one suggestion. Another is to use two or three ceiling lights placed so that shadows are eliminated and the whole room is clearly lit. Cupboards and pantry can be fitted with automatic door switches for a small outlay. Choose enclosed lighting fixtures—those which fit on flush to wall or ceiling are ideal—in kitchen and bathroom. And, in the latter, pull-cord switches. For hall, stairs and landings, two-way switches are imperative.

When buying bulbs, remember that there are three types of filament lamp from which to choose—plain, pearl and silica. The first gives a direct, rather hard, light and casts strong shadows, so it is not generally speaking a good investment for home use. The last type is the most recent development, and gives a softer light than the pearl lamp, without greatly reducing the actual light output.

Fluorescent lamps are specially suitable for all forms of built-in lighting, as they are so cool in operation, and they are now available in a variety of different colours. Thus it is possible to choose those which are best adapted to the colour-scheme of a particular room. They have a much higher lighting efficiency, and a much longer life than the ordinary filament lamp.

The amount of light in a room depends upon taste and individual requirements. Naturally, more light is needed in the kitchen, for instance, than in the hall or bathroom. But there is a level below which total wattage in a room should not be allowed to fall. The chart gives the minimum wattage requirements for each room.

Face

Make-up fashion trends this winter decree complexions of warm, creamy neutrality, with accent on eyes and lips. Where the natural colouring is strong, whether blonde or brunette, a deeper eye cosmetique and the brighter tones of lipstick can be worn

The mid-colourings of the average English beauty need a make-up which accents but does not over-emphasize the lips and eyes. This hairstyle, designed by Steiner, is sprayed with "Pink Orchid" Starmist which offsets the delicate colouring of the "in-betweens"

THE fashion tendency in make-up during the past few years has been towards natural pink-tones, away from the oranged-toned more obvious make-up. This season will see complexions pale, without being pallid, with accents not upon the cheeks, but upon eyes and lips.

Many women who were, in the past, dependent upon a "colour" to flatter a less than perfect complexion, will be dismayed at this trend. It certainly means that peach bloom skins are once again the hallmark of beauty.

Fortunately, the modern science of skin care can make amends for the shortcomings of Nature, and if careful nurturing will not create the perfect complexion, at least it will improve a poor one. The basic principles of cleanse-stimulate-nourish have not been proved wrong by modern research, but it has been found that each skin type needs specially blended preparations if the skin is to be preserved and improved.

Hormone beauty preparations have already proved of inestimable value in preserving the suppleness of skins for women past their youth. It has now been discovered that certain hormone preparations are of marked benefit to the young skin troubled with acne, enlarged pores, over-oiliness and all the other symptoms of adolescent skin disturbances. In these cases, a special hormone cream used in place of the usual night cream may benefit the skin where other treatments have failed.

NO one skin food, however estimable in itself, suits all age groups. Naturally the skin of a teenager differs from that of an older woman, and a nourishing cream which suits the one will not suit the other. Whereas the young complexions are well catered for in the way of night creams and nourishing creams, with variations to suit the dry, the oily and the normal skin, it is for the older woman for whom an extra nourishing skin-food has been newly introduced. This cream is excellent as a facial massage cream, in itself invaluable for helping the circulation.

Beauty masques play their part in preserving the health and vitality of the complexion. There are masque treatments for refining the texture, and for deep cleansing and lighting the complexion, particularly useful at this season of fogs and bad weather. No daily beauty routine, however comprehensive, is complete without occasional extra special conditioning, in the form of a salon treatment or, where this is not practical, a masque treatment at home.

Beauty
by Chrysis

Of Winter

Complexions, well preserved by a sound beauty routine, will be flattered by this season's subtle make-up. The basic principle is that rouge is used, not to add colour to the cheeks, but to mould the contours. Colour is lent to the skin by means of tinted foundations, which give an all-over warmth. Then the eyes and the lips can be as dramatically accented as the personality or the occasion demand.

Those with strong natural colouring will be able to wear strong colour contrasts with effect. The creamy skinned blonde, for instance, could wear a café-au-lait foundation and powder, with sharp pink or red lipstick and accentuated eye make-up; the magnolia-skinned brunette, a pearly-pale foundation and powder with dark eye make-up and bright-toned lipstick. The in-betweens, however, with subtle, rather than strong, natural colourings, are better suited by the creamy pinkish mid-tones of make-up, with eyes and lips accented without being over-accentuated. The pretty pink lipsticks and the soft French grey and blue eye cosmetiques are for them.

WITH the present trend towards "pale-cheeked" beauty, there is a danger that make-up will become flat and hard. That is where the two-toned principle of make-up, first launched by Elizabeth Arden, is so valuable. By wearing two tones of powder and foundation, or two tones of lipstick, one over the other, a warmth of tone and modelling of the features can be obtained. For instance, a lightish powder over a darker-toned foundation will give a vitality to the complexion not achieved by matching foundation to powder, while one colour lipstick over another will mould the lips as one colour cannot.

Dorothy Gray has worked out the principle of make-up to be worn with furs which is helpful as everyone will be wearing fur trimmings, if not fur coats, this winter. She has decided that a glowing, almost tawny complexion, is more becoming above the soft patina of furs, than a pinkish make-up which might so easily become cold and pinched looking on a bleak day. For the dark complexioned, she suggests Suntone base beneath a creamy Aureate powder, with Nutbrown red lipstick and rouge. For the pale skin, Midnight foundation and powder give a biscuit warmth, worn with the dry sherry red of Calypso lipstick, while for the medium toned complexions, Pink Rachel foundation beneath a paler Special Blend powder, and berry-red Crimson Glory lipstick give the right effect.

If you have any skin problem on which you would like advice, or if you would be interested to have further details of any preparations mentioned in this article, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, W.C.2

New Preparations

A NEW preparation called Remoldine, which might be described as a "contour facial," has just been evolved by Dorothy Gray. It comes in two forms, one with hormones and one without. Remoldine smooths and moulds the face and throat into clear-cut lines, protects against externally-caused blemishes and counteracts acne and enlarged pores. The hormone form is particularly efficacious, but the alternative has been made for the younger women who want to firm up their contours and prevent incipient lines and wrinkles.

The new Skin Deep beauty cream mask is an excellent pick-me-up for tired and devitalized skins. It consists of a cream mask, which is applied to neck and throat and left for fifteen minutes, and a gentle skin tonic which tones the skin after the pack has been removed. It has immediate effect, and is wonderful as a pre-party treatment after a long, fatiguing day. Not the least of its attractions is the delightful pack and its reasonable price of 3s. 6d.

Many women who already appreciate the bland emollient and deep-cleansing properties of Oatine Cream, will be glad to know that it is now available in an improved form, and that Mercolized Wax Cream, which combines the remarkable qualities of a skin-clearing, complexion-refining mask with a night cream will also, from now on, be in much better supply.

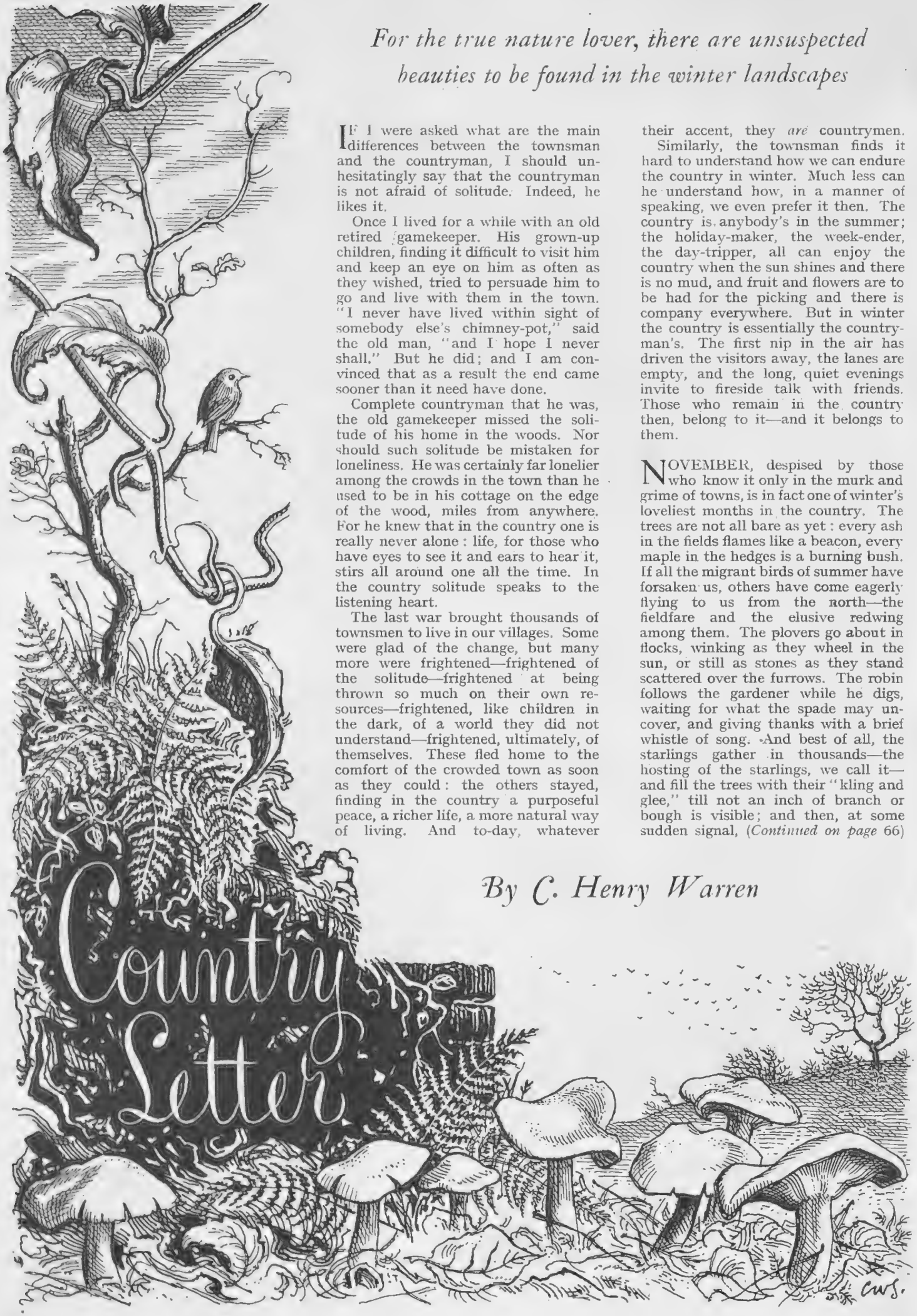
New Cosmetics

AN indelible lipstick which stays on the lips and does not smudge on to cigarette or coffee cup is what every woman has been looking for since she began to use make-up. Two new lipsticks have just appeared which contain special indelible properties to help solve the problem.

Stay Long lipstick, by Helena Rubinstein, contains Indelibase and also protective ingredients which prevent the lips from cracking. There are eight lovely reds in the new range, with a Rouge-en-Creme to match each. Revlon's Indelible Creme is a creamy indelible lipstick containing lanolite which keeps the lips soft and smooth. This comes in twelve shades, including some lovely golden reds and soft pinks.

Dorothy Gray has a new suite called "Midnight" which is a completely new make-up colour range in the new "Midnight" perfume. The cream foundation and powder together give the lovely pearly make-up so fashionable at the moment. The lipstick is a rich dark red, with matching cream rouge and nail varnish.

Those who found Chen Yu Cloudsilk too drying for their complexion, will be glad to know that there is now a Creme Cloudsilk, specially blended for dry skins. Creme Cloudsilk gives the blemished skin a porcelain finish and is kind to faint "first lines."



Country Letter

For the true nature lover, there are unsuspected beauties to be found in the winter landscapes

By C. Henry Warren

IF I were asked what are the main differences between the townsman and the countryman, I should unhesitatingly say that the countryman is not afraid of solitude. Indeed, he likes it.

Once I lived for a while with an old retired gamekeeper. His grown-up children, finding it difficult to visit him and keep an eye on him as often as they wished, tried to persuade him to go and live with them in the town. "I never have lived within sight of somebody else's chimney-pot," said the old man, "and I hope I never shall." But he did; and I am convinced that as a result the end came sooner than it need have done.

Complete countryman that he was, the old gamekeeper missed the solitude of his home in the woods. Nor should such solitude be mistaken for loneliness. He was certainly far lonelier among the crowds in the town than he used to be in his cottage on the edge of the wood, miles from anywhere. For he knew that in the country one is really never alone: life, for those who have eyes to see it and ears to hear it, stirs all around one all the time. In the country solitude speaks to the listening heart.

The last war brought thousands of townsmen to live in our villages. Some were glad of the change, but many more were frightened—frightened of the solitude—frightened at being thrown so much on their own resources—frightened, like children in the dark, of a world they did not understand—frightened, ultimately, of themselves. These fled home to the comfort of the crowded town as soon as they could: the others stayed, finding in the country a purposeful peace, a richer life, a more natural way of living. And to-day, whatever their accent, they *are* countrymen.

Similarly, the townsman finds it hard to understand how we can endure the country in winter. Much less can he understand how, in a manner of speaking, we even prefer it then. The country is anybody's in the summer; the holiday-maker, the week-ender, the day-tripper, all can enjoy the country when the sun shines and there is no mud, and fruit and flowers are to be had for the picking and there is company everywhere. But in winter the country is essentially the countryman's. The first nip in the air has driven the visitors away, the lanes are empty, and the long, quiet evenings invite to fireside talk with friends. Those who remain in the country then, belong to it—and it belongs to them.

NOVEMBER, despised by those who know it only in the murk and grime of towns, is in fact one of winter's loveliest months in the country. The trees are not all bare as yet: every ash in the fields flames like a beacon, every maple in the hedges is a burning bush. If all the migrant birds of summer have forsaken us, others have come eagerly flying to us from the north—the fieldfare and the elusive redwing among them. The plovers go about in flocks, winking as they wheel in the sun, or still as stones as they stand scattered over the furrows. The robin follows the gardener while he digs, waiting for what the spade may uncover, and giving thanks with a brief whistle of song. And best of all, the starlings gather in thousands—the hosting of the starlings, we call it—and fill the trees with their "kling and glee," till not an inch of branch or bough is visible; and then, at some sudden signal, (*Continued on page* 66)

These illustrations give some pretty ideas for lingerie trimming. The flower motif Fig. A is intended for appliqué work, with a close-up of the appliqué stitch, Fig. B. Fig. C is a working detail of the bow trimming Fig. E, described in detail in the article. Fig. D is intended for a lace or net inset, and Fig. F a suggestion for scalloped edging for a nightdress

The Finishing Touch

BY JOAN BAMFORD

MOST people of moderate income find, as I do, that underwear made at home is more economical than ready-made and certainly prettier than anything that can be bought in the lower price range. Indeed the pleasure of making attractive underclothes is only exceeded by that of wearing them.

When making my undies I fit them just as carefully as top clothes, using my favourite basic patterns and relying upon trimming for variations. Old garments carefully unpicked form these basic patterns, though there are, of course, many excellent lingerie paper patterns available.

A good compromise, if you have no great confidence in your ability to cut and make, is to buy the best plain lingerie you can afford and to make it individually attractive by hand appliqué work, insets of lace or other trimmings I shall suggest.

Some form of real silk is the best in every sense for lingerie. It is stronger and warmer than art silk and really wears much longer. Moreover it justifies the careful handwork one puts into it and has an elegance which no other fabric quite surpasses.

Groups of drawn thread work in a simple design are most effective for the more tailored type of garment though this is possible only with material cut on the straight. This is not difficult to do and merely requires patience and accurate stitching. One of the heavier materials like spun silk is most suitable for drawn thread work. If you are putting this kind of work round the hem or top of a slip, draw the threads at a point where the edge of the turned-up hem will come. Turn up and tack the hem to the edge of the drawn threads. When stitching, catch one thread of the hem to secure it. A diagram of hemstitching is shown on page of 58.

An appliqué motif in contrasting colour or the same colour but a contrasting texture, such as *crêpe de Chine* on satin, is effective and fairly simple to do. The best way to appliqué delicate fabrics is to trace or transfer the motif on to the appliqué fabric and tack in place on the garment. Then buttonhole all round the outline, using a close buttonhole stitch for materials which have a tendency to fray easily, such as *crêpe de Chine*. When the stitching is completed, trim away the appliqué close to the outside of the stitching. Embroider details of stamens, etc., on to the appliqué before stitching to the garment.

LACE or net insets can be most attractive. Piece lace can be successfully used for inset motifs, and can also be used as edging if you have the raw edges hemstitched. This can be done at many shops for a few pence a yard. Put a coloured running tack along the place where you want the hemstitching to be. When it comes back, tack carefully along the design of the lace on the right side of the garment, that is with the lace on top of the fabric. Follow the tacking carefully round with a close satin stitch. Use a stranded embroidery silk or Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton for this, either to match the garment or the lace, whichever you prefer.

When this is done, trim away the fabric underneath neatly close to the stitching and the raw edge of the lace above. Cut through the hemstitching that forms the lace edge if you want a picot effect, but if you want a stronger edge, trim the lace up to the edge of the hemstitching, and with a fine steel crochet hook, work a single crochet loosely into each hole of the hemstitching. A buttonhole twist is suitable for this (*Continued on page* 58)

Daintily trimmed and embroidered lingerie is a luxury which the home dressmaker may enjoy

This attractive shirt blouse, which can be worn either inside or over the skirtband, was made up in Wakefield Greenwood's Springtime Super Botany 2-ply wool in reseda green, with plum red for the smocking effect on the yoke. The pattern requires 8 oz. of the main colour (referred to as m. in the directions) and an oddment of 2-ply wool in the contrasting colour (referred to as c. in the directions), one pair of No. 12 and one pair of No. 14 needles and eight matching buttons. Worked at a tension of 9 sts. to 1 in., measured over the stocking stitch, the blouse fits a 34-36-in. bust.

Tailored Shirt Blouse

BACK

With No. 14 needles, cast on 131 sts. in the m. colour. Work in st.st. for 10 rows.

11th row.—P. Making a ridge on the right side for turn up of hem. Continue in st.st. until work measures 4 ins. from beg.

Next row.—* K. 5, inc. in the next st. ; rep. from * to last 5 sts., k. 5.

Change to No. 12 needles and beg. with a p. row work in st.st., inc. 1 st. both ends of every following 10th row until there are 162 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 14 ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. both ends of the next 10 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 120 sts. remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 21½ ins. from beg.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then cast off 13 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 14 needles, cast on 76 sts. P. 1 row, then make mitred corner.

1st row.—K. inc. in the first st., k. to end of row.

2nd row.—P., inc. in the last st.

Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times more.

11th row.—P., making a ridge on the right side.

12th row.—P., inc. in the last st.

13th row.—Inc. in 1st st., k. to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times more, then p. 1 row.

Next row.—Cast on 6 sts., k. to end of row.

Continue without shaping until work measures 4 ins., ending with a p. row.

Next row.—K. 18, * inc. in the next st., k. 5 ; rep. from * to end.

Next row.—P.

Change to No. 12 needles, work 4 rows, then make buttonhole as follows :

1st buttonhole row.—K. 6, cast off 4 sts., k. 12, cast off 4 sts., k. to end.

2nd buttonhole row.—P., casting on 4 sts. to replace the 4 sts. of both buttonholes.

Continue to work in st.st., making further buttonholes with 30 rows between each until 6 in all have been made. At the same time inc. 1 st. at the side edge every 10th row until 126 sts. Work without further shaping until front measures 14 ins. from beg. Then with wrong side facing :

Shape Armhole.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge of the next 8 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge of the next 3 alternate rows. Continue without shaping until work measures 17½ ins.

Now work in the following "Lattice" pattern.

1st row.—K. 16 m., * k. 1 c., 3 m. ; rep. from * to last 3 sts., 1 c., 2 m.

2nd row.—P. 2 m., * p. 1 c., then pass the c. wool to back of work, p. 3 m., bring c. wool to front of work ; rep. from * to last 17 sts., 1 c., 16 m.

3rd row.—K. in m.

4th row.—P. in m.

5th row.—K. 18 m., * insert the right-hand needle under the c. loop of 3 rows below and k. tog. in c. with the next st. from left-hand needle, k. 3 m. ; rep. from * to last st., 1 c.

6th row.—Rep. from * of the 2nd row to the last 19 sts., 1 c., 18 m.

7th and 8th rows.—As the 3rd and 4th rows.

9th row.—K. 16 m., k. 1 c., 3 m., then rep. from * of the 5th row to last 3 sts., 1 c., 2 m.

Shape Neck. 1st row.—Work as given for the 2nd patt. row to the last 17 sts., 1 c., then leave the 16 m. sts. on a safety-pin.

Now repeat the patt. from the 3rd to the 9th row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at the neck edge every row. Break off the c. wool. Change to No. 14 needles. P. 1 row, then cast off.

With No. 12 needles and m., rejoin wool to inside edge of remaining 16 sts., then dec. 1 st. at the neck edge—when facing turned in—every row until all sts. are cast off.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Two Hats in Candlewick

For this model you will require three skeins of Diana Cowpe's luxurious Candlewick Cotton, a No. 6 crochet hook and three flowers, or a posy trimming.

THE BONNET

Begin at centre back. Make a 7 ch. Join into ring with slip stitch.

1st round.—1 ch., work 14 d.c. into ring.

2nd round.—4 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. * 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c. Rep. from *. Join with slip stitch into the second ch. of first 4 ch. (7 spaces.)

3rd round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into first space. 2 ch., 1 tr. into next space (2 ch., 1 tr. twice), into next space, 2 ch., 2 tr. into next 3 spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into last 2 spaces. Join with slip stitch (9 spaces).

4th round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into first space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next space * (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next space. Rep. from * twice, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next space 2 ch. Join with slip stitch (13 spaces).

5th round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into first space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 2 spaces, * (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next two spaces. Rep. from * twice, ending 2 ch., 1 tr. into last 3 spaces. Join with a slip stitch (16 spaces).

6th round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into first space (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next two spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice), into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice into next space), 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 2 spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into last space. Join with a slip stitch (21 spaces).

7th round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into 1st space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into the next 9 spaces (2 ch., 1 tr. twice) into the next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into the next 10 spaces (22 spaces). Join with a slip stitch.

(*Continued on page 74*)

This little cap is worked from three skeins of Diana Cowpe's luxurious Candlewick Cotton on a No. 6 crochet hook, with ¾ yd. of ¼-in. ribbon for trimming.

THE CAP

Starting at the top centre, make a chain of 15.

1st round.—3 d.c. into second ch. from hook (place a cotton here to indicate beg. of round), 1 d.c. into next 12 ch., 3 d.c. into last ch., working along opposite side of starting ch., 1 d.c. into next 12 ch.

2nd round.—1 d.c. into first d.c., ** 1 d.c. into next d.c. Popcorn stitch as follows: into the same d.c. 2 ch. pull up a single loop of next stitch, cotton over and draw through the two loops on hook, 1 d.c. into the same d.c.** * 2 d.c. into next 2 d.c. Popcorn stitch into next d.c. Rep. from * to opposite end. Rep. from ** to ** then from * to *.

3rd round.—(2 d.c. into each of the next 3 d.c.) 1 d.c. into each d.c. to opposite end (2 d.c. into next 3 d.c.), 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end.

4th round.—(2 d.c. into first 2 d.c.) Rep. from ** to ** of second round, 2 d.c. into next 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into each 1 d.c. to opposite side (2 d.c. into the next 2 d.c.), 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end.

5th to 11th rounds.—Continue third and fourth rounds, increasing each side of each end—*i.e.*, starting (2 d.c. into the first 7 d.c.), 1 d.c. into each d.c. to opposite end (2 d.c. into next 7 d.c.), 1 d.c. into each d.c. at end.

Next round.—(2 d.c. into the next 4 d.c.). Popcorn stitch as from ** to ** into next d.c. (2 d.c. into next 4 d.c.) 1 d.c. into each d.c. to opposite end (2 d.c. into next 4 d.c.). Popcorn stitch 2 d.c. into next 4 d.c., 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end.

12th round.—Popcorn stitch all round without increasing.

13th round.—1 d.c. into 4 d.c. (*Continued on page 74*)

This house, though small, is miraculously spacious inside because of clever detail planning. It was designed by Artist Co-operative Partnership on a licence of £2,200.

Two private building licences were combined for this timber house by W. H. Colt at present occupied as two separate flats. When housing conditions permit, minor alterations will convert it into one whole house.

A small timber house by W. H. Colt with three bedrooms, spare room, large living-room, bathroom and kitchen, can be erected for around £2,000, according to conditions of the site.

Building Your Own House

BY

PAMELA FRY

Designed by Tayler and Green, FF.R.I.B.A., in 1947, the charming house below and left contains living-room, dining-kitchen, two bedrooms, playroom, and bathroom. It cost £1,852, including the expense of "tanking" the lower ground floor, necessary because of the dampness of the site.

June Mandall, A.R.I.B.A., designed this four-bedroomed house for her own occupation. 1,000 square feet were completed on the original licence, leaving two rooms to be finished at some future date.

ACCORDING to the best authorities, the Englishman's home is his castle. It has also been reliably reported that home is where the heart is, home is where you hang your hat, and there 's no place like home. Especially if it 's really yours, designed, built and cherished by yourself and not by your landlord.

Certainly in these days of housing shortages and soaring rents, owning one's own home is a very sensible idea. Unfortunately, many people have been discouraged from attempting to convert the dream into reality. Too much red tape involved, they say, too many delays and restrictions. And, anyway, who has the money to build ?

Well, building a house is neither a cheap nor an easy proposition. Nevertheless, it is not as difficult as it was a few years ago. Materials are gradually becoming more plentiful, some of the restrictions are being lifted. But the job begins a long time before that first brick is laid. To put it succinctly, there are three vital preliminaries : money, land, permits. After that, all things being equal, comes the house.

TO begin at the beginning, your very first step is to pick out a likely district and pay a visit to the local Housing Authorities. You want to know the possibilities of getting a licence in that area. You also want to find out the local building restrictions and establish whether your idea of a perfect house is their idea of an eyesore.

During this first visit you can, if you wish, bring up the delicate subject of money. Housing Authorities in all districts have the authority to lend money to prospective house-builders. Some of them don't, but the matter is worth investigation. Alternative methods of money-raising are a straight mortgage, or help from a building society. Of course, if Great-Aunt Tabitha has just left you a nice little nest-egg, you won't be interested. The above paragraph refers only to those who lack Aunt Tabithas.

With regard to licences, the number available in any district is controlled by the amount of building materials on hand. Each district is allowed to issue up to 50 per cent. of its yearly quota of licences to private builders. These licences are issued on the basis of individual need. This doesn't mean that you have to prove you are now living in a rat-infested sewer, but if you have children or genuine housing problems it should help. The stronger your case the better your chances. Of course, the question of *where* you want to build is important, too. Obviously a very crowded and popular district will have fewer licences to offer.

Transfer licences are also available. For example, if you are living in Hornsey but want to build in Hampstead, you get your licence in Hornsey, and then arrange for the transfer. Providing, of course, that you can present a solid reason for needing to live in Hampstead. As far as the length of time involved in getting a licence, this you can only find out by investigation, as it varies greatly from district to district.

HOWEVER, let us assume you have now found a district that looks pleasing and seems co-operative. You have even chosen a piece of land. You are beginning to indulge yourself in a few preliminary dreams . . . the soil looks good, perhaps you could manage rose-bushes . . . and, of course, a small vegetable garden down there at the end. . . . Just at this point you find yourself up against a jolly little affair called a Development Charge. And what is a Development Charge ? Well, a piece of land with a house on it is worth more than a piece of land with nothing on it. The Development Charge came into existence to prevent private owners from getting all the benefit from the increased value of the land. Assessment is made by an organisation called the Central Land Board. Suppose you buy a piece of land worth, say, £50. Along comes the Central Land Board and points out that by building on this land you will increase its value to £200. Therefore you must pay the Government £150.

At this point your best friend is undoubtedly your solicitor. He will be able to deal with the intricacies of cost and assessment much better than you, and he will also take care of any other queer little matters which may come up. Buying a piece of England, however small, often involves you in various left-over bits of ancient history. And, of course, the older the district, the more likely there are to be complications.

Once your land is bought you are ready for another chat with the local Housing Authorities. This time you can take your architect along if you are employing an architect. You are now ready to go through the official business of receiving Planning Permission and getting your licence. The main points under discussion will be the size and price of the house you want to build. A private house is normally allowed to be 1½ times the size of a council house. That means it covers 1,500 ft. and has one very large or two medium-large rooms downstairs, plus kitchen and cloakroom. Upstairs there will be three double bedrooms and one single. This is not exactly a rambling country mansion, but, as one architect told me, it quite adequately meets the needs and the pocket-book of the average professional family. (*Continued on page* 68)

This article is for the would-be house-owner who has, so far, been deterred by the formalities involved in obtaining a private licence to build

Two-Skin Tie

Autumn sunshine in the tropical garden of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, and the perfect complement to a tailored suit, a Baum Martin tie. *Morris Furs.* 57 gns.

Silver Blue

The Imperial Hotel garden on a colder day and a full-length flank musquash in half-skin working with a cape collar and wide cuffs. *Morris Furs.* £135.

Your

Blue Marmot

Through a special purchase of fine Blue Western marmot skins, the National Fur Company is able to offer this coat at a special price of £99.

Marmot-like Mink

For dinner in the lovely Imperial Hotel dining-room a stole of glistening dark marmot worked to resemble mink. *Morris Furs.* 45 gns.

Choice of Furs

Though the choice of a fur coat may be practical, it is possible now to have a well-styled garment and a flattering fur within the lower-price range. A stole or tie to impart elegance to a tailored coat or suit is equally within the range of limited budgets. The mink marmot cape below exemplifies the practical garment which will serve for day and evening. *National Fur Company.* £39 10s.

Two-faced Comfort

Sheared white lamb doubly useful since it reverses and becomes a tartan coat with a fur lining. Matching Dress Stuart skirt. Coat 38 gns. *Sheepskin Shop.*

Chinese Mink Tie

For luxury and deeper pockets. A Chinese mink shown to perfection on a classically simple black wool. *By the National Fur Company.* £94.

The rocking-chair has been found to incorporate all the ideals of the perfect easy chair. This is a modern version of the rocker by Put-U-Up.

The new armchair is the product of scientific research and inspiration from the past.

Easiest Of Chairs

AN armchair set invitingly each side of a roaring fire is as typical of English home life as the Christmas dinner or scones for tea. And like all traditional things, the fireside tableau adapts itself to the times, the armchair changing from one type to another with each succeeding era.

When the huge hide chair which grandfather and great-grandfather used eventually wears out, it is replaced by a contemporary armchair, which is just as comfortable but rather more practical for life to-day. However much the menfolk might miss these enormous survivals from the past, the housewife who has to push the furniture around every time she vacuums the sitting-room, welcomes the new modern armchair, lightweight and light-looking, which takes apart for cleaning. (Even if she did want to replace the old armchair of real hide, it would be difficult to find and, with present prices of leather and tax, would probably cost somewhere near £100.)

THE contemporary armchair has not just happened. Scientists have spent years of research on the correct angles and balance for body-relaxation. A Swedish professor who has devoted his whole life to the study of chairs and the problems of scientific sitting has just made a discovery. After experimenting with thousands of subjects to find the height from the ground which gives the shorter-legged woman the most rest, the depth of the chair-seat which takes the weight of the body without throwing strain on sensitive thigh muscles, and angle of the back-rest to support spine and shoulders, he evolved a formula. Designs for chairs based on this formula were rejected and improved upon over and over again until at last the perfect chair was produced. All the professors were very proud, until someone found that it has all been done before . . . by a rocking-chair. The old-fashioned rocking-chair which lies abandoned in many an attic incorporates all the points of design which have taken the world's leading experts so long to figure out in the laboratory.

Modern furniture designers are now giving us new versions of the old rocker. They have also found that wing-chairs and old fireside chairs, with certain adaptations, are as comfortable for the modern woman as they were for her great-grandmother.

With all the inviting comfort of the traditional armchair, this modern Minty has a classic elegance which accords with contemporary décor.

The "Pembroke," by Minty, a modern version of the wing-armchair returned to popularity again for reasons of comfort and appearance.

Above, centre, a chair of 1750, inspiration for the modern Parker-Knoll design (right), adjusted to contemporary requirement.

Changes in clothes, deportment, architecture and social habits are all reflected in the design of a chair. Women wearing slacks can sprawl and recline more easily than their great-grandmothers who wore bustles, corsets or hooped skirts, and so the high, straight back is unnecessary. It can be lowered and widened for the modern chair. With central heating and advanced ideas on room insulation, there is less draught than in the days of lofty ceilings and great chimneys, so wing-chairs (wings were to protect from draughts) are more for looks than for utility. It is the same with draught-protecting fringes round the bottom of chairs. Decorative though these fringes may be, they are useless dust-traps in a convected-heated modern flat.

But for all that, modern chair designers can learn a great deal from studying armchairs from the past. That is the idea behind the Parker-Knoll Museum. This museum houses a collection of 500 chairs of various periods, from the earliest beautifully-carved and cushioned Cardinal's chair, to the 1750 grandmother's chair which is hardly different from those being made to-day.

At first, this collection was used as a kind of reference library only for Parker-Knoll designers. But now students of furniture come from all over the world to study this unique collection.

The principles of design being used by Parker-Knoll to-day are derived from eighteenth-century wing-chairs of this type.

MODERN living makes new demands on furniture requirements. One American designer prophesies that the next generation will be eating its meals in a dinette partitioned off from the kitchen, sitting on comfortable benches, and that the sitting-room will then be used only as a lounge. As there will be very little demand for the ordinary straight-backed chairs, known usually as "dining-room chairs," the sitting-room will be furnished with various fireside chairs, occasional chairs, television chairs, or however the family chooses to do its relaxing. Smaller rooms have already put the settee and couch-type of furniture out of favour.

As one designer summarises his sales-slogan: "An easy chair must be easy to move, easy to clean and easy to sit in." One forgets, perhaps, that an easy chair was really intended to take your ease in.

THE TELEVISION CHAIR

THE Minty television chair is the latest easy chair to be produced for a specific function. It aims to provide comfort for the long-sitting sessions before a television screen which are apt to induce pins and needles. The television chair can be wheeled about easily so that it can be used in another room during non-televisory periods. The chairs are upholstered in a variety of colours, suggesting a different colour for each member of the family. The arms are low so that women viewers can watch the screen and knit at the same time. The low back does not obscure the screen from those sitting behind. The new television chair guarantees comfort for hours of consecutive sitting, which is something rather new to this busy age.

Margaret Sharp

Shopping for you

SHAMPOO nights won't be such a nightmare of protests if the children have a Shampoo Eye Shield. It 's pleasant for the grown-ups, too. Looking rather like a plastic halo, it fits closely round the head, above the ears, and keeps the water away from the face altogether. In various pretty colours, they cost 3s. 9d. from Selfridges.

● Selfridges also have a clever gadget for those who would like to include the art of graining in their home-decorating repertoire. The Grainette, as it is called, is of grooved rubber, which will give an unlimited number of grained and stippled finishes, either with paint or varnish. It is simple to use and costs only 3s. from the paint department.

● *Fix a Keylite over the keyhole on the front door or cellar and the phosphorescent green crescent will shine a guiding light to the keyhole in the dark. It is stuck in place and will remain luminous for years. Price* 2s. 6d. *The Cat's Eye on the same principle, fits on to the electric light switch and saves fumbling for the light switch at night. Price* 10½d.

THERE are two new volumes which should be on the reference shelf in every home. First, *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, published by Museum Press at 17s. 6d. This is literally "complete," as it not only gives an easy-to-follow guide to making clothes, but also all it is necessary to know about making household furnishings and curtains, embroidery and mending. The second is the *Hostess Cook Book*, by Helen Cox, published by Angus and Robertson. This is more than a cookery book ; its aim is to reduce the task of meal-planning and execution to suit both the busiest and the laziest. Well illustrated, it is worth every one of its 21s.

● Cats and dogs are not easy to photograph well, so those with pets will be pleased to know that the Army and Navy Stores Studio specialise in this difficult job. Prints cost from 30s. for six copies, 18s. for three, and you will have at least three proofs to choose from.

● *Two pairs of scissors designed specially for home use. For hair trimming before a home perm, there is a pair with safety tips and a cockade handle to give an easy grip. Price* 10s. 11d. *The nail scissors,* 8s. 9d., *feature triple bows for firm control with either hand. Both may be had with red, blue or gold handles.*

A NEW luxury for new babies are Kleinert's "Bubblie" cot sheets. This quilted, air-filled rubber sheeting is made in three pastel shades and can be bought in four different sizes, from 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. It is just as practical as the ordinary waterproofs, and pretty to look at.

Shopping ahead

For the girl on her own. A dainty green and cream Poole pottery breakfast set, on its matching tray, £1 19s., *at Liberty's.*

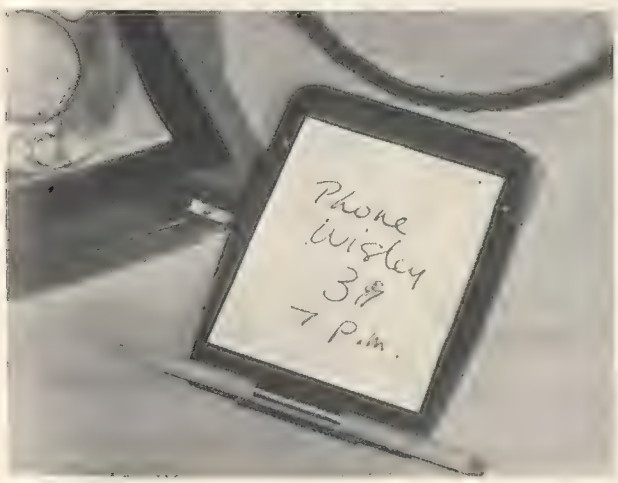
Pretty gift for a pretty girl. Lace-edged handkerchiefs, dressed up with roses and cellophane. From 9s. 6d. *at Selfridges.*

This set of desk scissors and paper-knife with gold-plated handles is a present for the discriminating male. Price £1 14s. 6d.

for Christmas

I welcome present to the bridge fiend would be this Permanent Bridge Marker in which any odd scrap of paper can be used. Price 5s. 6d.

This is a photograph of two hat boxes, one folded flat ready for stowing away. In dainty sprigged quilting and plastic, 17s. 11d., from Selfridges



No more mislaid pencils for the household which receives this clever telephone message pad from Druces. The pencil is magnetized! Price 5s. 6d.

If you would like to have further details about the shopping items on these pages, please write to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

ALL brides-to-be should pay a visit to Fenwicks, of Bond Street, who have a special Brides' Department. They keep a selection of lovely wedding dresses in stock, from which they take orders. The price of the garments varies from 18½ guineas, according to material and design. They also make bridal headdresses and give every help in choosing trousseaux. If you cannot pay a personal visit, transactions can be made and advice given by post

● *Soap saving, with prices as high as they are, is no minor consideration in current housekeeping. This useful soap-dish is as tidy as it is practical. The dish itself slips over the tap so that the soap is always, literally, to hand. Perfect drainage keeps the soap hard and dry and prolongs its life. Available in white, ivory, light green and silver, it costs 2s. from Selfridges*

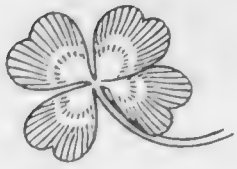
● Every housewife continually faces the problem of what to provide for a quick, appetizing snack. How about a ready-prepared and seasoned Welsh Rarebit? Thatchers make them in little gold cartons, price 1s. 6d. And, for a sweet, have you tried Soroma, the versatile new powder? A 1s. tub will make four quart bowls of mock cream or four dozen delicious meringues in a few minutes. And if you have already tried Nestlé's excellent packet cream soups as soups, do you know that they can be used as the basis for such luxuries as mushroom soufflé and mock chicken casserole?

HOME dressmakers, already well served by Singer's shops, will be pleased to know that several of their branches will now make you a made-to-measure dummy for 6 guineas. Appointments can be made at any branch to have the dummy modelled to your individual measurements in a session lasting about 1¼ hours. The finished article is delivered to your home in a fortnight

● Here is good news for those of you who have been longing to brighten your homes with fabrics of contemporary design but have been frustrated by the luxury prices. Messrs. David Whitehead, Ltd., are producing their well-known contemporary prints for the first time in budget-price furnishings. Some of them cost as little as 8s. 6d. for 48-in. width material

● *Put a little colour into the housework with Vantona Posher Cloths. These luxury dusters have all the virtues of other dusters, plus colour appeal. A pastel pink or pale green polisher is its own incentive to clean the silver or polish the furniture. They are in four colours (which are all fast to boiling), and white. Price 2s. 6d.*

HAVE you a favourite girdle, corset or brassière you would like copied—or do you want a made-to-measure garment? Alders, of Lake Road, Portsmouth, will do this job beautifully. Just post the garment you want copied to them, or suggest the style of the new garment you want tailored, sending your waist, hip or bust measurements. They will then send you patterns of materials and an estimate of the cost, free of charge. They guarantee that each garment will fit perfectly



A Little Luck

but how much more of staying power brought these people to the top?

It is any evening in October and the day was hard and overlong.

You are waiting for your bus home while darkness drops gently over the city. You are tired, and your feet ache, and it is starting to rain.

Oh, unlucky me, you think to yourself. If only I could have a bit of luck and become rich and successful, there would be an end to all this then.

There would indeed, but luck really has a far smaller part in the recipe for success than most envious people like to imagine.

Granted, you must have some luck—a chance meeting with a friend of an influential friend; being at the right place at the right time. That sort of thing has played a part in the careers of most of us. But, like patriotism to Nurse Cavell, it is not enough.

You must also have talent, initiative, and, probably most of all, staying power. For many begin well but few, even with all the luck in the world, stay the long hard course to the stars.

Let us consider a few who have, and see just how big a part luck played in their lives. . . .

AUDREY HEPBURN
Actress

WHEN James Hilton left Cambridge, he determined to become a professional novelist. He had published one book, *Catherine Herself*, when he was only twenty, and he felt he had the qualities to write many more.

He published more, indeed, but high success eluded him. He eked out his livelihood by reviewing the books of other men; by writing articles for provincial papers. But all the time, he never lost sight of his original goal; he kept on writing novels.

He wrote one, *Lost Horizon*, in 1933, about a fabulous land where time stood still. The work attracted no more than ordinary attention in this country—until "luck" or chance, call it what you will—took a hand.

It happened like this.

Alexander Woollcott, the great American book critic, was due to make a broadcast in New York. He left his script in the taxi, so the story goes, and there was no time for anyone to fetch a copy.

Someone thrust a book into his hands, suggested he read an extract from it over the air. The book was Hilton's *Lost Horizon*. It became famous overnight—and in 1934 was awarded the Hawthornden Prize.

Hilton was quick to consolidate this initial success. He wrote the brilliant and moving story, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, basing the central character of an old schoolmaster on two old schoolmasters he knew well himself: his father (thirty years head of Walthamstow's Chapel End School, now a very spry eighty), and the late Mr. W. H. Balgarnie (formerly senior classics master at the Leys School, Cambridge).

Goodbye, Mr. Chips was a runaway best-seller. So was *Random Harvest*, which came after it, and, as a consequence, so were the books Hilton had written earlier on and which had not then attracted much attention.

James Hilton had his moment of luck, agreed. But he also had the essential talent and drive and perseverance that enabled him to take full advantage of it.

Dr. SELMAN A. WAKSMAN
Scientist

AT ten, little Audrey Hepburn was running round corners in Arnhem out of the way of passing Germans.

At twenty-three, she was doing much the same thing again—only this time in smart hotels, dodging the crowds who wanted her autograph.

How came this change? Was it luck again? Well, as Dr. Joad would say, it all depends what you mean by luck. . . .

Audrey Hepburn is half-Dutch, half-Irish. A couple of years ago, she thought of taking up a job with Universal Aunts, in London, but a photographer persuaded her that she might make a better living as a model: she had the face and the figure for it.

She posed for some pictures, and, from this fringe of show business, drifted into show business proper. She had studied ballet, and so got a job in the chorus of *Sauce Piquante* as a dancer.

The show folded up quickly; but Audrey's looks and talent remained a delight in the minds of those who saw her. As a result she was given walking-on parts, more photographic work.

She went down to Monte Carlo for a small film part—and there "luck" stepped in.

She was walking across the restaurant in the hotel where she was staying when Colette, the great French woman novelist, spotted her. For two years Colette and Anita (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) Loos had been searching, with

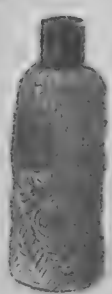
(*Continued on page 70*)

JAMES HILTON
Novelist

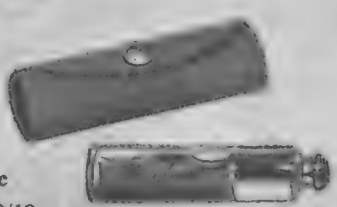
by Mawnan Smith

My Love

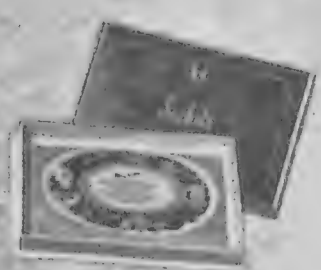
Straight to her heart,
this captivating perfume 47/6



Flower Mist, fragrant
echo of the perfume 14/2



Perfumair, My Love
in a jewelled phial 20/10



My Love Perfume Sachet 17/6

Bath Soap 12/- **Hand Soap** 8/9
in boxes of three

Elizabeth Arden

USE THIS POST FREE DONATION FORM

NO STAMP is required on the envelope in which your donation is enclosed if addressed as under:—

TO: The Lord Mayor

KING GEORGE VI NATIONAL MEMORIAL FUND

London, E.C.4

I enclose a donation of

£ : s. d.

Name...

Address..

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

N.B. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to King George VI National Memorial Fund and crossed /& Co./

Pre-Christmas Cookery

BY JANET DARBY

HOW I envy those of you who are embarking on Christmas cookery for the first time, and who thus have an opportunity of proving that the art of cooking didn't die with your great-grandmothers. And if you are thinking with trepidation of the dark rich puddings, the mountainous cake, the rich, delectable fruitiness of the mincemeat which went into that melt-in-the-mouth flaky pastry, let me tell you at once that Christmas cooking is simple. All you need are the ample ingredients—no light fingers, no cool hands, no split second timing.

The round paunch of the Victorian paterfamilias, its curves suitably emphasized with the heavy gold Albert, was the perfect symbol of that plentiful period; lots of good stuff went into that rotundity. And good stuff doesn't need dressing up. In point of fact, it is superb because it's simple. So let's see what we can do about putting up a good show with the best ingredients we can manage. And if we can't get *all* the materials which great-grandmamma used—well, let's see what can be done with appropriate alternatives, of which, I assure you, there are plenty.

Now the first and most important ingredient is *time*! Plenty of time, so that everything has a chance to mature and darken and blend into one harmonious whole—not too little, not too much, but just right, as the well-known advertisement puts it. Mid-November is not too soon for the preparation of the food which has to ripen, so I propose to give you now the recipes for the cake, the pudding, and the mincemeat.

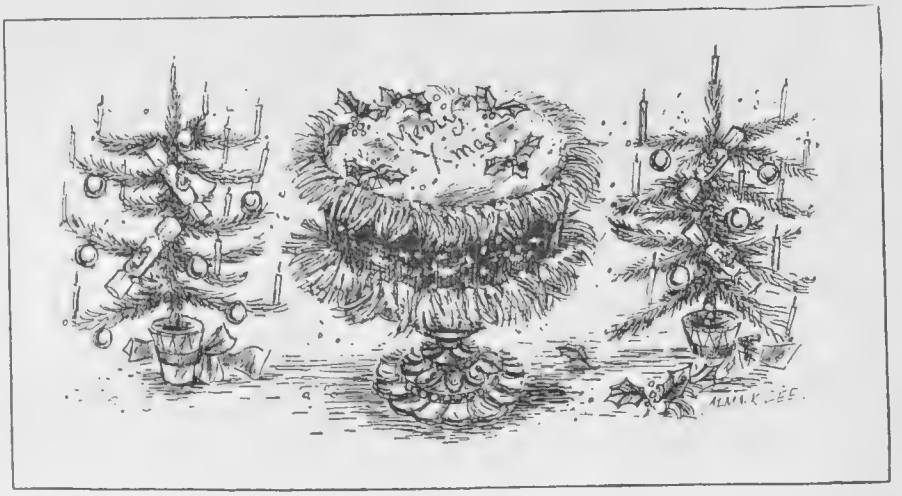
CHRISTMAS CAKE . . .

Grease a large round cake-tin, and dust with flour, so that a *thin* coating of flour covers the whole of the inside. Then place two circular layers of greased paper at the bottom of the tin, so as to ensure that the long, slow cooking doesn't burn the bottom of the cake. I have never found it necessary to put paper round the sides of the tin. Now the ingredients:

1 lb. plain flour.
¼ teaspoonful each cinnamon, ground nutmeg and mace.
Good pinch of salt.
½ lb. butter (or margarine, if you must).
¾ lb. dark-brown sugar (Barbados is best, but Demerara is perfectly good).
¼ lb. currants.
¼ lb. seedless raisins (or dates).
½ lb. sultanas.
¼ lb. glacé cherries.
2 oz. ground sweet almonds (or chopped walnuts).
2 oz. candied peel.
Rind and juice of 1 small orange or lemon.
4 eggs.
¼ pint old ale, or stout, or apple juice.
Small teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda.

I'm sorry about the number of eggs, but they really *are* necessary.

Sieve the flour, add the spices and the salt. Then rub in the butter, add the sugar and the fruit, peel and nuts, with the exception of the cherries. Grate the rind off the orange or lemon, and add. Then beat in the eggs one at a time then the orange or lemon juice. Now dissolve the bicarbonate of soda in a very little water, and add. The cherries come next; they need to be added separately because otherwise they tend to sink to the bottom of the cake. Finally, mix with the beer or apple juice. In this case (unless you are a confirmed teetotaller) beer really is best, because this—and the weeks of maturing—darkens the cake and gives it a really rich flavour. Beat the mixture like mad for about twenty minutes. Put into the prepared cake-tin, piling it higher at the sides than in the middle, cover with one thickness of greased paper, and put it into the oven, which you will have heated for at least ten minutes in advance. Bake in a slow oven for three hours. Leave it in the tin to get cold, and then wrap carefully and place in an airtight tin (*Continued on page* 66)



MOTHER... IF YOUR CHILD HAS A COLD

Colds and constipation very often go together. So if your kiddie catches a cold, one of your first steps should be to make sure the little system is thoroughly cleansed. To do this, there is nothing better than 'California Syrup of Figs', the mild, safe laxative which wise mothers choose when dealing with a child's cold. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon cleanse the youngster's system, and back will come that eager appetite, which is more than half the battle when 'feeding a cold'.

Take the first step to treat that cold right away. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

CHIVERS JAMS

are particularly good

They are made in silver-lined pans

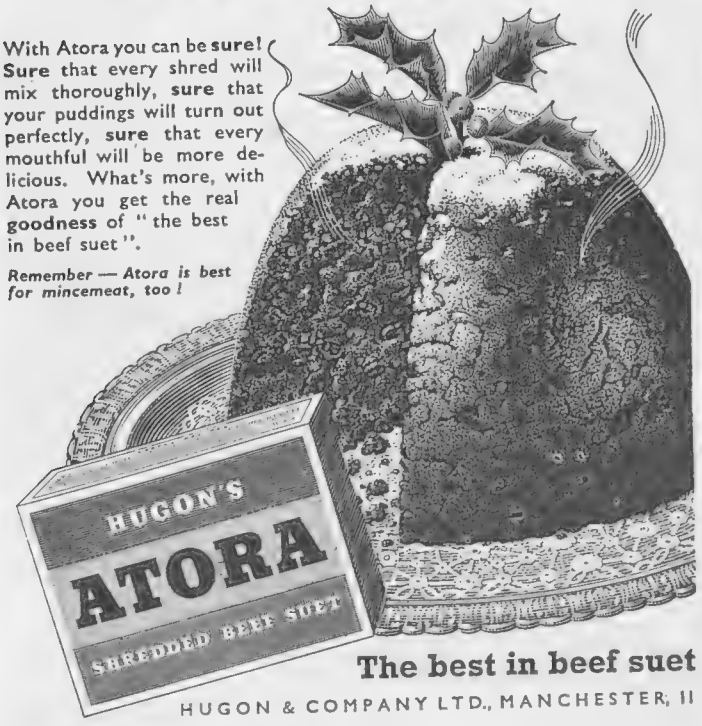
CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon and York

GD 119

This year... make your *best ever* CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

With Atora you can be **sure!** **Sure** that every shred will mix thoroughly, **sure** that your puddings will turn out perfectly, **sure** that every mouthful will be more delicious. What's more, with Atora you get the real **goodness** of "the best in beef suet".

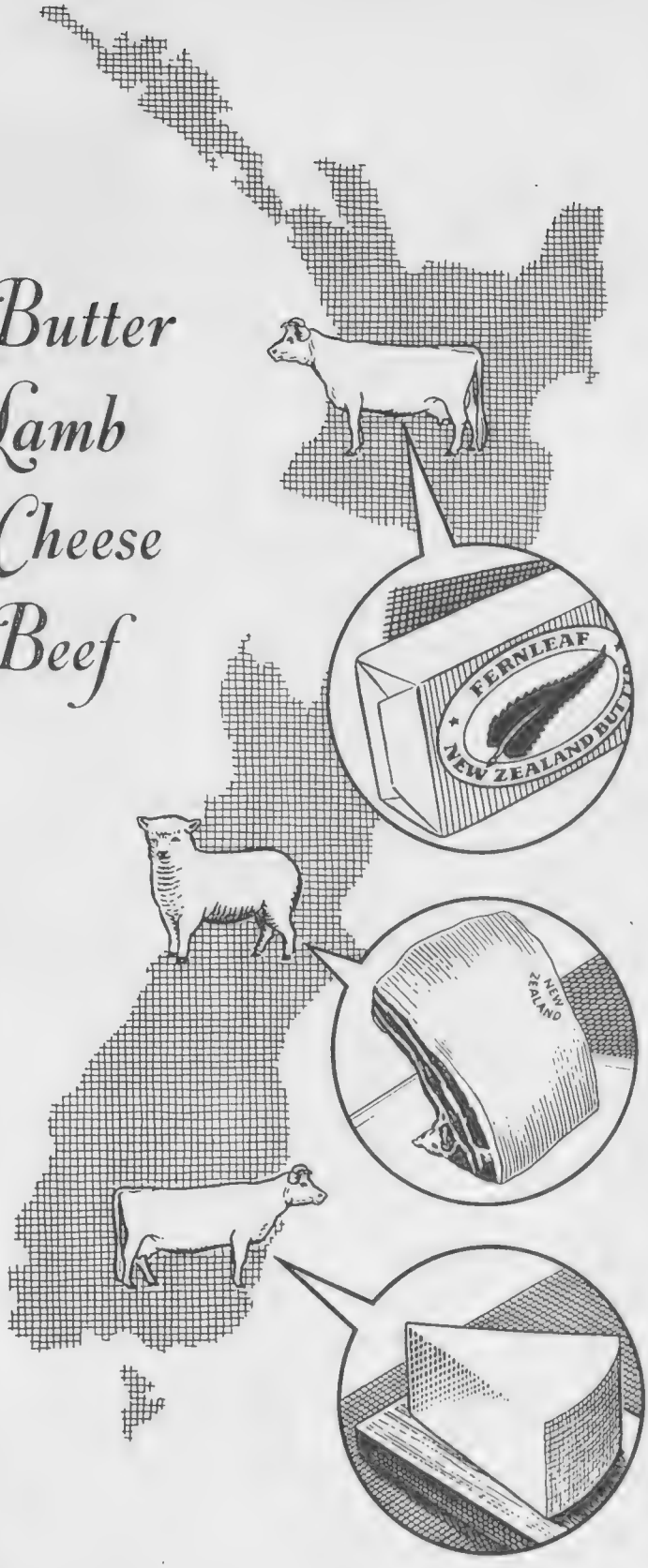
Remember — Atora is best for mincemeat, too!



The best in beef suet

HUGON & COMPANY LTD., MANCHESTER, 11

Butter
Lamb
Cheese
Beef



Products of fine quality, flavour and reliability from the fresh green pasturelands of New Zealand. Not always available on request under present conditions, but an ever increasing production hastens the day when the housewife can make her choice.....

NEW ZEALAND

LAMB · BUTTER · CHEESE · BEEF

The Finishing Touch (Continued from page 43)

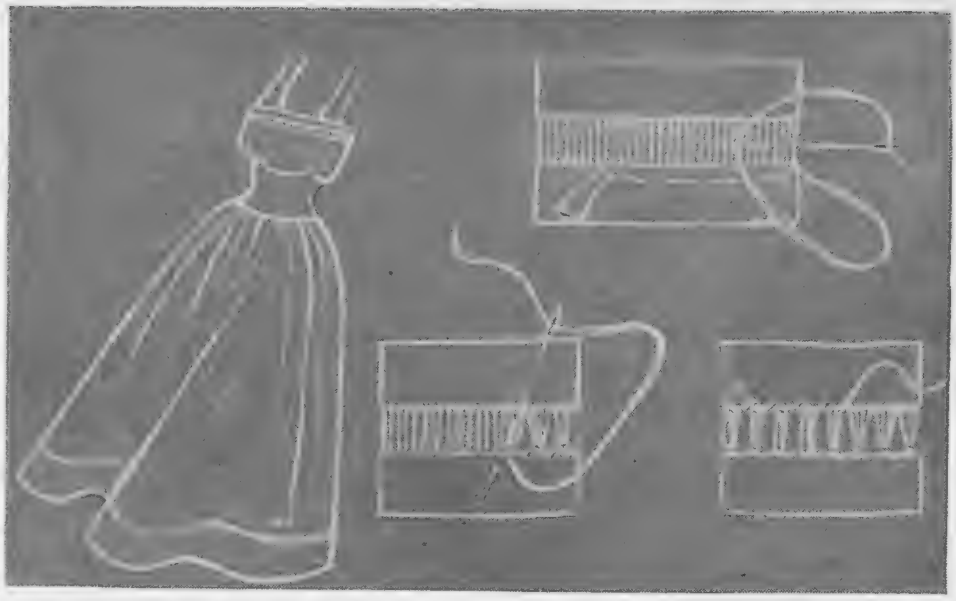
purpose. The same method can be used successfully on a hemstitched fabric inset motif.

Faggoting in a contrasting colour makes a delightful trimming if you faggot stitch a narrow contrasting tube (made from a strip of crossway binding stitched and turned inside out). This faggoted on to the garment gives a firm but decorative edge. On black undies a crossway bind of pink satin faggoted to the edge is specially effective and more so if a monogram is embroidered in the same colour as the bind.

An embroidered monogram gives the simplest garment a nice individuality. When embroidering initials pad them well with a running stitch to raise the lettering. You can buy a tissue transfer or draw them yourself on tissue working over the paper and pulling away the surplus very carefully, when the work is complete. Another method is to put the drawing of the design under the fabric and trace it through very lightly with a pencil. This is easier to do if you hold the fabric against the window glass.

A point worth remembering when you are working on nylon fabric is that, on account of its springiness, it is necessary to allow about a quarter inch more on turnings. This minimizes the danger of unravelling while you are sewing. Where possible make the seams of a nylon garment come on the bias especially if you are machining them. Otherwise the fabric tends to pucker.

A very good way to finish a straight edge, like the top of a slip, or round the legs of tailored pants (especially if made from satin, or crêpe with a satin back) is to iron a scallop edge transfer, on the edge of the wrong side of the garment, and turn over on to the right side of the garment to form a hem. Tack down through the scallops to the garment, and buttonhole stitch along the scalloping through the garment. Press on the wrong side when finished and cut away surplus material below scalloping.



This is a suggestion for a drawn thread decoration on a slip, with a stage-by-stage diagram of drawn thread work showing (top) the hem tacked to the edge of the drawn threads; (left) method of sewing the lower edge and securing the hem in one operation and (right) sewing the upper edge

A DAINTY trimming for chiffon, or very thin fabric, is to make a long crossway strip about 1½ ins. wide into a tube, and turn inside out by stitching a strong thread to one end and threading it through the centre of the tube with a bodkin or tiny safety pin; ease it along as you go and it will pull through quite simply. Treat this tube rather like a shell hem, i.e., stitch over it at intervals of about half-an-inch, pulling fairly tightly (see Fig. C). It forms a pretty little trimming to use on the edge of collars perhaps, on your nightie or to form a little decoration. A bow perhaps, as in Fig. E, stitched on to the garment from the back.

Narrow frills of self material make an inexpensive trimming for knickers and the hems of nighties, etc. Cut a strip, or strips, the length required (or join a number of small strips) just a little wider than you want the finished frill. You will need one and a half times the length it must be when gathered, or twice the length if the fabric is thin. Run a coloured tack along one edge of the strip, and take it along to be picot edged on the one edge you have tacked.

The picot edge will be the lower edge. The raw edge is gathered and whipped in one operation, preparatory to stitching to the garment. Roll the fabric with the left hand between finger and thumb, and stitch with long stitches over the roll, working from right to left. Pull up to the required length and pin to the garment, spacing the gathers evenly.

If there is a long distance to cover, such as round the hem of a nightdress or slip, divide the frill into quarters, mark the half and the quarters on the garment, and pull the frill up quarter by quarter. It is best to leave an extra inch or so on the frill, as sewing often takes up some extra fullness.

When gathered to the required length, and pinned together, roll and whip the raw edge of the garment with the gathered edge of the frill behind it so that you can take your whipping stitches through the gathered roll of the frill. Sew on the wrong side of the garment and when finished, press the frill downwards.

END

Horn Of Plenty (Continued from page 25)

and calling for aid from his second, "Ann-Ann-Ann!"

"Poor little chap," said the inquisitive lady, desisting. "You know, Miss Trewen, sometimes I feel gravely dubious as to whether young parents aren't a handicap to a child. Young parents, I sometimes sadly think, are still so intent on living their own lives.

With a whisk of shawl, beads and reticule, she took herself off, then, in quest of other promising targets for an agitator's tongue. She left Ann with a belated enlightenment dawning in her mind. For the first time, she seemed to see the past two years in perspective, and began to understand not only the motive behind her many visits to the Carrolls' flat but the drastic impulse which had driven her to entrust her nursing-home for an entire fortnight to other hands in order to come on this voyage. The inquisitive lady had put it in a nutshell. Quite simply, with fly-by-night parents like Josie and Ken, what in the world, Ann wondered, *would* become of Kip if it weren't for herself?

Her needles stopped clicking. She glanced down over the promenade-deck rail. Still the bows thrust inexorably onward into the dazzle, but Josie and Ransom had gone from the hatch. No sign of Josie. No sign of Ken. Just Ann and young Kip—together—as usual.

She pensively glanced at him, and he brandished his saxophone at her cordially.

She felt a stab of distaste for the toy, as though suddenly it symbolized all that was erratic and invidious in the child's life. So strong was the feeling that she had to check herself from snatching the toy there and then.

* * *

AS aboard the ship, so at the Pension Lola Mifsud, in Tangier, Ann found herself taken at first for Kip's nurse. This was due in part to the fact that, on the first night, she felt disinclined to go out exploring. So Josie and Ken went, and Ann, thinking it all too likely that they would return roystering in the small hours, before she went to bed shifted Kip's cot—which they had brought with them from home, along with his play-pen and push-chair—from their room to hers. Nothing subsequently was said touching this domiciliary revision, and in her room the cot remained. Still, Ann thought it politic to clarify the position to Lola Mifsud.

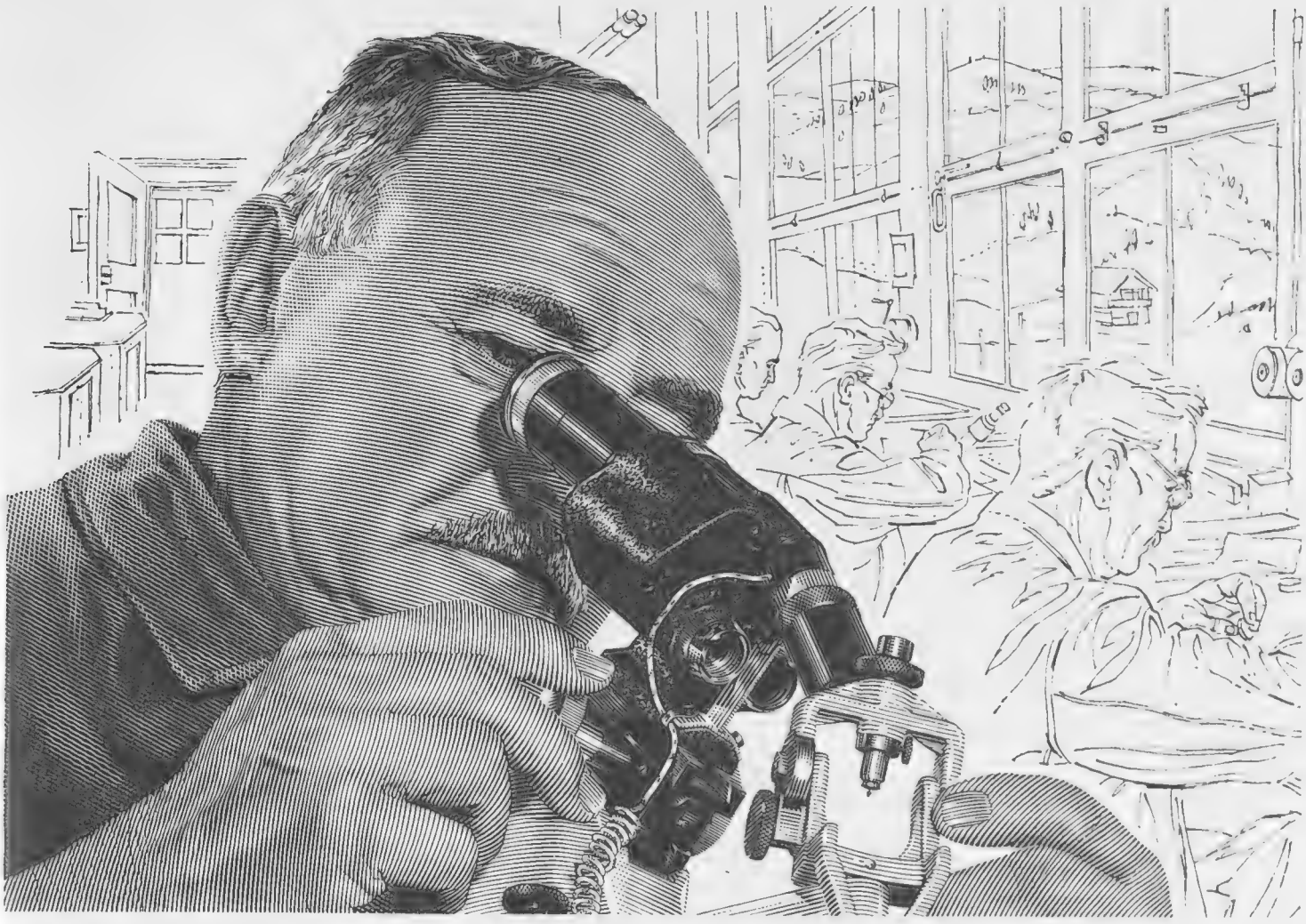
"I'm just," Ann said firmly, "a friend of the family."

"Young friends—so good to have," Lola beamed. "They keep one young in oneself, yes, all right?" An opulent brunette, sunny of temperament, with elaborately coiffured hair, she tickled Kip in his middle with a beringed forfinger. "Anything you weesh for the *chicolillo* here, just tell old fat Lola, eh? *Pues*, you like a ticket for the lottery? Always I have a book of tickets here on my desk. All the best numbers, Mees Trewen. Now, here is a lovely number! Is that not a gracious number? A lucky number, if ever I saw one! There—for you! I like my guests to win. It gives the house a good name. That will be fifty pesetas," chuckled Lola Mifsud, and she re-tickled Kip with no little familiarity. "*Adios, chico!*"

Ann stowed the ticket in her knitting-bag, and carrying Kip on her arm, moved away across the hall. It was cool and shadowy, with a rug-strewn, mosaic floor, brass-topped tables two feet high, cane chairs, and many arches in which hung bead curtains.

Ann was disconcerted by the singsong cries which awoke her every morning to find herself alarmingly tented in by mosquito-gauze. She would sweep the gauze aside with a claustrophobic gesture, and, a tall, thin figure in her white nightgown, her hair in a thin, greying plait, pad barefoot across the tiled floor to throw open the window-shutters on the star-lit cobbled square set about with parched date-palms. Under the dusty fronds, snowy-robed figures squatted before little stacks of flat loaves on the ground, sticky masses of pressed dates, mounds of shiny red and green peppers. Flocks of goats maa'd irritably as they were unhygienically milked, and here and there a (Continued on page 60)

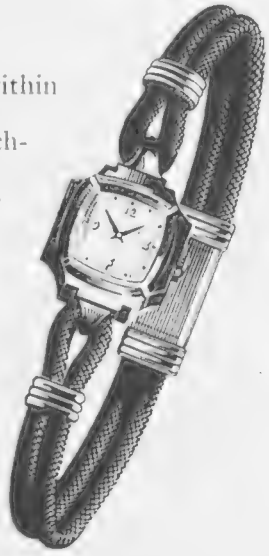
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



The secret

SWITZERLAND is so famous for good watches that nine out of ten Swiss watches are exported — sold all over the world. What is the Swiss secret?

Largely — specialisation. For three centuries Switzerland has been building up a nation within a nation. She gives her nation of 50,000 watchmakers the hardest, longest training any technician ever underwent. She gives them instruments, equipment, laboratories, production-methods that are the most advanced in the world. Result: she is watchmaker *to* the world.



But how can you, without expert knowledge, judge watches made by experts? Luckily, you've an expert near you: your qualified jeweller. As no one else can, he can tell you which is a good watch and why; give you full choice from the latest models; guarantee that a new watch is in perfect condition; give you skilled servicing in the future.

When you choose a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch, choose with your jeweller's help.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

camel, humped and kneeling, rotated its lower jaw with an air of aloof contempt. Across a prospect of flat, laundry-flapping roofs, the sea flashed like a mirror.

Gazing out on this scene one morning about a week after their arrival, Ann asked herself with a kind of sun-stunned wonder what she was doing here. What had all this to do with her, with Kip, with any kind of properly ordered life? She shook her head.

She closed the shutters on the glitter and shine and hubbub, and in the room now tiger-striped with sun and shadow, turned to look at Kip. As she did so there was a knock at the door. She held her wrapper together over her chest, and opened the door a crack.

"Hallo, there, Ann!" It was Ken. Suntanned and yellow-haired, in a festive shirt worn outside his white flannels and patterned on a theme of supple-hipped hula girls, he had little of the look of a careworn father. His blue eyes were vivacious. "Everything all right?" he said. "Kip all right? Good! Fine! Grand! Tops! I know you like having him with you, Ann, but you mustn't let him be a bind. He can be, I know. If he gets you down, saw him off on Josie. You want to enjoy your holiday, Ann."

Ann said anxiously: "Ken, have you got a job yet?"

"I've contacted some of the boys in town," Ken said. "But there's this hooey about working permits. Red tape even here, Ann! I can't do a thing till I get a permit. No use sitting biting my nails, so I'm seizing the chance of a few days off. Little yacht cruise. I'm just leaving, now—that's why I stopped to say cheer-oh to you."

"Yacht cruise?" Ann said, startled.

"Thing I've always wanted," Ken said. "Remember Drummond, on the ship? He's been here, these past few days—brought his yacht over from Gibraltar. What a man! He's just off on a little trip, and I'm going along."

"But, Ken," Ann said urgently, "I. . . ." She stopped.

Ken looked solicitous. "Any worries, Ann?"

"Well," Ann said, "it's none of my business, but—Ken, I suppose you know that that planter person, Alec Ransom, when we came ashore here, suddenly took it into his head to break his journey to Borneo or wherever it is, and come ashore here himself? He——"

"He's nuts about Josie," Ken grinned. "I know. He's been taking her round, mooning at her. Nothing to it, Ann. You know Josie—butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but she likes to amuse herself. What a kid! Well, Ann, don't let Kip be a bind. Enjoy yourself!"

HE was gone, pounding down the tessellated staircase. Ann turned back slowly into the room, closed the door. Her lips were compressed. Uneasiness beset her. No permit. No job. Horn of Plenty mute in its case. She herself had a return reservation, but they hadn't. Ken had relied on getting work. They hadn't a home to return to, anyway; Ken had sold it up. Now, he was careering off on some scatterbrain yacht cruise! What rhyme or reason was there in it?

Ann glanced over her shoulder, to see Josie's smooth, ash-blonde head poked round the edge of the door. She was making humorous grimaces at her offspring. As Ann's eye fell on her, she desisted from this ill-timed clowning, and composing her features to their usual demure expression, came forward into the room, casually affixing one of her little earclips as she came.

"'Morning, Ann darling," she said, in her cool way. "Sleep all right or did Kip cut up at all? Just say, any time. He can be a crashing bore, I know."

She went over to the crashing bore, who was eagerly holding out his tiresome arms to her from the cot. Ann turned her back. Her lips were tight. Her hand wasn't quite steady as she took up her hairbrush. A "bind"! A "bore"! *Kip*. . . .

Next morning, with Ken away on Drummond's yacht and Josie off early somewhere with Alec Ransom, Ann carried Kip downstairs after breakfast, for his usual promenade, and was greeted excitedly by Lola Mifsud waving a newspaper at her from the desk in the hall.

"*Hola*, Mees Trewen, you got your lottery ticket there?"

Ann strapped Kip into his push-chair, rummaged out the ticket from her knitting-bag. "Don't tell me I've won something?"

"Maybe not a whale," said Lola, "but a nice leetle feesh, I think, pairhops." She compared the ticket with a column of numbers in the local newspaper, and emitted a screech so rending that it made the startled Kip drop his saxophone. "I knew it!" Lola shrilled. "I knew I recognized thees number! A quarter ticket! Oh, lucky Mees Trewen! A quarter of over a hundred thousand pesetas—say, thirty thousand—in Eenglish, say three hundred pounds! What a nice leetle feesh! You want I should take you and show you how to claim it?" beamed Lola. "Oh, I think you will not sail home yet awhile, after all, Mees Trewen! You cannot take the money away, you understand—not these days. You will have to spend it here. What a vacation you will have, now! We go right away at once and claim the money for you."

"Wait!" Ann felt colour flood suddenly, hotly, into her cheeks. "I must think about this. Please—please," she said urgently, "don't breathe a word about it to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll. I—I must think."

She wheeled Kip out quickly into the burning sunshine.

Up near the area called the *Machan*, she had a favourite place. She had brought Kip here every morning since she had discovered it. It was a palace as dazzlingly white and as delicately wrought as any wedding-cake.

Here, on a mosaic bench in the shade of a feathery false pepper tree, she sat down to knit and to consider her unexpected windfall, while Kip staggered and reeled happily about the grass.

No one ever paid any attention to her and Kip, here in the garden. In all Tangier, it was the only place where Ann had seemed able to find a little peace and quiet. Sitting here with her knitting, the sun flashing on her hatpin, while Kip played, she often had thought how good it would be to go back home, take him with her, bring him up as her own, send him to good schools, get him into the Navy later on as a Dartmouth cadet. Then, when she got to be on toward seventy, she wouldn't be a lonely old spinster with nothing better to do than work along at the nursing-home till she dropped in her tracks. She'd have Kip. She'd have his leaves to look forward to.

Many a fine dream she had dreamed here, in the garden of young voices.

BUT this morning she was doing sums in her head. She reckoned up how much of her holiday was left before she had to board the ship to go home, and with a shock she realized that only four days remained to her. She then, to estimate how much money Josie and Kip might have left of their basic allowances, and she came to the conclusion that it must be precious little.

She knitted thoughtfully, her eyes on Kip.

All along she had been dreading the thought of having to go off and leave him here in this sunstruck town with his fly-by-night parents; and it seemed to her, now, that the best thing that could happen would be for Ken's money to run out before she sailed. Then she could offer to pay their fares home out of what remained of her own travel allowance, which she had handled with her customary thriftiness. If he had no job, Ken could hardly refuse. On the other hand, suppose he were to learn of this thirty thousand pesetas of lottery money, to be spent in Tangier? Knowing she couldn't use it herself, because she had perforce to get back to her nursing-home, he might ask her for a loan so that he might "job-hunt" here a bit longer. Unable to use the money herself, how could she refuse him? Yet if she made him a loan, she'd have to go away and leave them here, including Kip. Heaven knew what might happen to them, especially to Kip. She might never set eyes on him again.

Her lips tightened. Her first intuitive distrust of this lottery prize had been right. It was a red herring, a snare. It could be dangerous to Kip. Josie and Ken never must hear of it. It went against Ann's prudent nature to treat money cavalierly, but this wasn't like real money, proper Bank of England money earned by honest labour. This was airy-fairy money, treacherous as the will-o'-the-wisp that beckoned the hasty into the quicksands.

When Ann wheeled Kip back in his push-chair, through dusty, steep streets, glaring in the noonday, she had made up her mind.

Lola Mifsud was lying in wait for her.

"We go right away, now, and claim for you, yes, all right?" said Lola eagerly.

"I've decided," Ann said sternly, "to make no personal claim. I shall consider how to dispose equitably of the ticket."

She turned from the stupefied Lola, and, tall, erect, her unmodish hat firmly secured by her hatpin, carried Kip gauntly upstairs to give him his strained vegetables and tuck him in for his afternoon nap.

WHAT she would do if Ken failed to return from his cruise on Drummond's yacht before she herself was due to sail for home was a question that didn't begin to arise in Ann's mind until next day. By the evening after that, with only one full day of her holiday left to her, and still no sign of Ken.

She sat in a creaky cane chair before the open window of her room. It was very late. Josie was gallivanting somewhere with Ransom. Kip was sound asleep in his cot.

There was no moon, but in the hot, purple night shone countless stars. Across vague roofs to her right throbbed the neons in the palm-lined boulevards of the modern quarter. To her left, the warren of the Moorish dwellings huddled in mystery. From the spider-web alleys and crazed steps came an endless murmur, rising and falling, the pulse of a teeming, unfamiliar life. She could hear the melancholy note of an Arab flute, the monotonous beating of a drum.

"Ann. . . ."

She went rigid, listening. It was Kip, murmuring in his sleep. "Ann-Ann-Ann," he murmured drowsily, and she heard him sigh and turn over, and something fell to the floor with a slight clatter. She knew that it was the toy saxophone, and for that small replica of Ken's glittery monster there went through her uncontrollably a tremor of actual hatred.

Kip sank into deeper sleep. Ann's listening tension began to relax. Her mind returned to her worries, only to be distracted again very soon by the sound of a car pulling up under the window. She guessed it to be the car Alec Ransom hired. Sure enough, as the motor was switched off, she heard Josie's cool, unhurried voice in the quiet, and Ransom's deeper tones. They were sitting talking in the open car. Ann couldn't hear what they were saying, but they went on and on, and their voices had that intimate, confidential sound which voices always have, heard in the small hours.

Ann's lips were clamped. She couldn't help wondering just what Ransom meant to Josie, just how well justified was Ken's complacence about her running round with the man. Josie had been married young. At eighteen, she had been beglamoured by the careless rapture of Ken's saxophone. But how enduring was that glamour? Ann remembered the night Kip had been born. It seemed to her that on that night Josie must already have come a long way from being a starry-eyed fan of Ken's musical virtuosity.

At last, the voices under the window fell silent. The car started up. Ann listened to the hum of it receding, heard the hiccup of gears changed up, far off in the night. The dog howled again, forlornly. Josie's footsteps sounded on the landing. They paused outside Ann's door. Ann sat rigid. After a moment, the footsteps moved on, and she heard the door of the conjugal bedroom quietly opened and closed.

Still she sat there. Across the roofs, the neons had gone dark. A coolness came. The night noises ceased, all save the monotonous chirring of crickets. (*Continued on page 63*)

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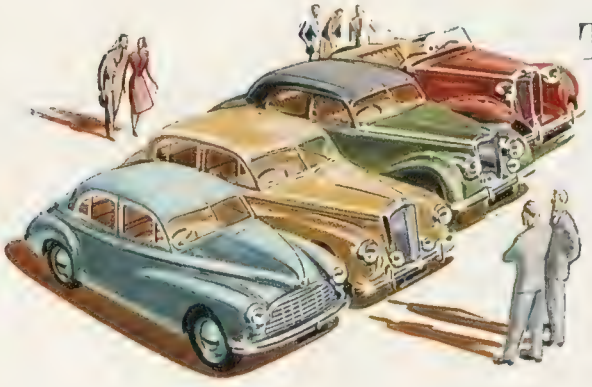

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She rose from her chair. She was in her nightgown, wrap and slippers, her hair in its thinning, grey plait. She reached out her thin arms to pull the shutters closed, but a sound of running feet checked her. She looked down, and in the star-glimmer she saw a figure turn in at the entrance. Ken!

She turned, stood listening, heard his footsteps on the stairs, heard him pass along the landing, heard the door of his and Josie's room open. She heard his voice, and it held a note of disturbance and urgency. Ken was talking, loud and distraught.

ANN drew her wrap tight over her thumping heart, moved along the landing, looked into their room. Ken was bending over the bed, talking rapidly and taking his saxophone from its case. His yellow hair was tangled, he had a four-day beard, and his blue eyes shone with a wild light as he turned, brandishing his complex instrument, on Josie. But he saw Ann at the door, and he froze, staring.

Josie glanced round, and she, too, saw Ann.

"There you are, Ken," said Josie mildly, "I told you you'd wake the whole house. No wonder, when people have to go to prison, they're always asked to go quietly!"

"Prison?" Ann breathed, and her heart gave a great plunge. She stepped hastily into the room and drew the door shut. "What in the world are you talking about?" she said.

"It seems Ken and that man Drummond have been trying to do some smuggling," Josie said, in her offhand way. "They've been caught at it, and now they're for the high jump." "You really are a dope, Ken," she said.

"Easy to say! Easy to say!" shouted Ken. "I had to get money *some* way, didn't I? Family man! Blocked every way I turned —working permits, red tape! Drummond had this proposition. It looked like money for jam. If it had come off, just the one trip in his damned yacht, I'd have been able to open a little night spot of my own, here in Tangier, out of my share. They've got Drummond and they've got the yacht. They'll be here for me before morning. I'll get twelve months—the usual for first offenders. Drummond'll get double. Heck of it is, we could palm-oil our way out, if we had some money. But we've no money, and the long and short of it is, we're for it! Twelve months, up in the Rif!" Ken shouted. "Done for! Washed up! Finished! This is the end!"

An electric tingle went through Ann. "Ken—" she heard her own voice, like a stranger's—"how much would—would fix it? Would thirty thousand peseta be any—any help?"

"Help?" said Ken. "Why, with that much, we could square this easy, and I could pretty well open up a little night spot of my own with the balance. But what's the good of talking about thirty thousand pesetas?

"You can have thirty thousand pesetas," Ann said carefully, "first thing in the morning, when the lottery office opens. I won it, and I've only to go and claim it!"

"You can have the money, and welcome," she said, "and I ask only one thing in return. I ask you to let me take Kip back to England with me, to give him a good home, good schools, bring him up, adopt him in legal form.

Holding her wrap tightly over her chest with both hands, she stood tall, erect, half smiling, confident now, looking at them. They looked back at her. The room seemed uncannily silent. The silence lengthened. An insidious doubt stirred in Ann. The expression on their faces troubled her oddly. Somehow, it wasn't the expression she had expected.

"Ann," Ken said, and his voice sounded unusually sober, "do you realize what you're doing? Do you realize, Ann, that you're offering to *buy* Kip? At the price, Ann, of saving me from a paltry prison sentence? He gestured helplessly with his saxophone. "*Our little boy!*"

"Forty prisons," said Ken. "I'd go to forty prisons! I'd work my fingers to the bone—to the bone!" He drew in his breath. He was very upset. "Josie, this is our fault—our own fault! Ann, old friend, we wanted you to have a good time on this trip. You've always seemed to like, more than anything else, just being with Kip, fussing round him. You know how you are, Ann! We wanted you to enjoy your holiday, so Josie and I agreed that the nicest thing we could do would be just to give you your head, let you have Kip as much as you liked, to have fun with on your holiday! Eh, Ann? We never dreamed —it never entered our heads you might misunderstand."

He stopped, as Josie rose suddenly. Still her eyes gazed steadily into Ann's. Slowly, she came forward. Dazed, Ann felt the girl's arm go about her shoulders. Josie laughed.

"Never you mind, Ann," she said. "He's a dope. He never could see anybody's jokes but his own!"

"Joke?" Ken shouted. "Well, heaven preserve me from a woman's sense of humour! D'you realize that, before I'm pinched, I've got to rake round the night clubs to find one of the boys who'll buy this horn? It should fetch enough for passages home for Josie and Kip.

Horn Of Plenty

Oh, I know it's all my own fault, you don't have to tell me. I ought never to have listened to Drummond. Smuggling! If I'd stuck by my horn, my horn would have stuck by me. Some of the boys learn the lesson easy, some learn it the hard way. Never again! When I get back home, in twelve months or so——"

He broke off as, from somewhere along the landing, sounded a thin cry. All three listened. Again came the cry, on a wavering note of inquiry—such a cry as might announce the discovery, in the dead of night, of the absence from one's pillow of a valuable toy saxophone.

"Kip!" said Ann.

She turned instinctively to the door, but a thought, almost a sense of guilt, checked her, and she looked at Josie. The girl hadn't moved, and for a moment her eyes held Ann's with that cool, grey, enigmatic regard. Then Josie smiled her demure smile and turned to the mirror. But Ann, feeling in her heart an unexpected lightness for which she was at a loss to account, went blindly from the room.

SHE still was thinking about it two days later. It was a sparkling morning off the coast of Portugal, and the liner, northward bound, was passing so close inshore that from her steamer-chair on the deck she could see the long rollers spouting spray as they surged against the red cliff of Cape San Vicente.

Ann smiled to herself. Ken, too, still had his saxophone. She had had almost to plead with him not to go to prison, after all, but to use her otherwise useless lottery money for palm-oil. Yes, Ken still had his Horn of Plenty. He was down in the lounge with it, now, sitting in at rehearsal with the boys of the ship's band, limbering up his fingers in readiness to be worked to the bone when he got back home. Josie? Josie was nonchalantly around somewhere with a young man she had met aboard, a planter on his way home from Zanzibar, who hung on her lightest word with a devoted look in his eyes. Here on deck, there were just Ann, and Kip—and that inevitable shipboard figure, the lady with a chronic inquisitiveness about her fellow-passengers.

"You know, Miss Trewen," said the inquisitive lady, "sometimes I wonder whether it's altogether *good* for a child to have youthful parents. . . ."

Ann lowered her knitting. She turned her head, with a scornful flash of her hatpin, and looked the inquisitive lady firmly in the eye

"What a corny remark!" said Ann.

END

Books:

(*Continued from page 30*

I SUPPOSE more picturesque lies have been written about Col. William Cody—often with his own humorous approval—than about any adventurous showman, including the drum-busting Barnum. Rupert Croft-Cooke and W. S. Meadmore try to sift fact from legend in **"Buffalo Bill"** (Sidgwick & Jackson, 17s. 6d.), but one might as well try to rationalize the exploits of Billy Bunter. Nearing seventy, he said to a friend: "I read in a book lately that I shot 4,280 buffaloes in eighteen months. Sounds like a lot of bison meat. Well, perhaps I did!" But he certainly helped Negroes escape from slavery, fought Redskins and bandits, and ran a swell show which even Queen Victoria consented to visit—for one hour only. Those were the days. Read this book and be vibrantly nostalgic!

BUFFALO BILL doesn't figure in V. C. Clinton-Baddeley's **"The Burlesque Tradition"** (Methuen, 18s.). What a pity! He would have made a perfect subject for the art of skit and debunkery. The book deals with the English Theatre after 1660, surveys all the irreverent fun and technique, as is amusingly illustrated from old prints. There seems to be no mention of Pelissier's *Follies*, which always had a "potted" play, but the traditional masterpieces are generously quoted and expounded.

IN **"A Choice Of Kipling's Prose"** (Macmillan, 15s.) W. Somerset Maugham selects sixteen stories, including the best Indian ones, and writes a masterly introduction.

I LIKE to amuse myself trying to diagnose the popularity of best-seller novelists. Joyce Cary appeals to a hurried age, I think, because he doesn't worry about involved plot but sails straight ahead with his story, and so is easy to read. **"Prisoner Of Grace"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is Nina's defensive story of her marriage to Chester Nimmo, a religious "little man" who "worshipped the ground she trod on," and whom she married lovelessly when she was with child by her cousin Jim. Jim, who says he was mad about her but didn't know it because "You were such an extraordinary kid; all bones and spit," retains his corner of a strange triangle relationship, but Chester —who becomes a Liberal Cabinet Minister and peer—also keeps a peculiar hold on her even after she is divorced. It doesn't matter that the relationships have a touch of fantasy and sometimes seem unfeasible; they are Cary's people engrossing in a Cary dimension, therefore we accept them.

EVELYN WAUGH'S special slant might be called a school-tied, bowler-hatted clubman humour. There is plenty in **"Men At Arms"** (Chapman & Hall, 15s.), especially in the affectionately drawn Apthorpe, a comic character who ranks with his best. The story—the first of a trilogy—concerns Guy Crouchback, a separated, disillusioned social misfit at thirty-five who seeks in military war service redemption from his spiritual ills. His first year as an infantry officer is portrayed with a satirical wit and underlying sympathy which we may heartily enjoy, pending another *Brideshead*.

EMYR HUMPHREYS has a sweeping narrative style, a merciless gift for hitting off character, as with his contentious schoolmasters—two of them "Commies"—in **"Hear And Forgive"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). His "conchie" hero, David Flint, teaches scripture—surprisingly—writes novels, renounces a provincial wife for a rich Chelsea divorcee with three (*Continued from page 64*)

adopted children, but comes to heel after experiences that make an absorbing odyssey. I like his admission, "I badgered and nagged my God in between collecting useful copy," his description of wife Phyllis as "a battling housewife who used her tongue like a duster."

NEW editor John Hadfield's **"Saturday Book"** (Hutchinson, 25s.) is, if anything, better than ever, with emphasis on the "good time" 1920s: a peak example of luxury bookcraft. Both will be high up in Christmas lists.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES romanticizes family life with infinite background detail, compiling a social, domestic inventory as well as a study of human relationships. **"Steamboat Gothic"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 13s. 6d.) is the architectural style of a mansion by the Mississippi built by ex-St. Louis slum boy Clyde Batchelor from gambling profits on the paddle-boats. He marries a young widow with two children, from a high-up Virginia set, and this is the story of their life together by Ol' Man River and the tender sentiments of doting hearts.

THERE isn't much tender sentiment in Louis Bromfield's **"Mr. Smith"** (Cassell, 15s.), who looks back on his life in a middle-class garden suburb when he was in insurance and debunks his hollow marriage to a superficial wife and all the petty snobberies, humbugs, pretences and social herding. It is by implication an indictment of our modern civilization, but also of the man who sees it so, for "Mr. Smith" Ferris is a prize bellyacher who should have found his lonely Pacific island long ago if that's the way he felt about life. A probing, bitter story morbidly pleasing to the bellyacher in us all.

A STRAIGHT-FROM-LIFE realism is Louis Golding's strongest quality, evident again in a story of a young crook and an Oxford don's daughter who tries to redeem him but is let down. We have some difficulty in believing that Tom only took to crime because he had done his baby brother a severe injury from jealousy in childhood and wanted to repay him with the spoils in later life, but without that **"The Loving Brothers"** (Hutchinson, 15s.) would lack its intense psychological climax.

MICHAEL HASTINGS has an acutely dramatic theme for his first novel, **"Death In The Deep Green"** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). An aircraft on a special flight to Singapore crash-lands in jungle. There are mystery men aboard who won't stop at murder to get at the cypher-diary of a woman passenger who has died. We learn why in a desperate climax to intrigues, menaces, dangers, pursuits.

THE last fateful Seville bullfight of a famous matador who has lost his nerve and the fidelity of his mistress and knows he is slipping is described with brilliant realism in Barnaby Conrad's **"Death Of A Matador"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Not for those who sicken at blood and sand; nevertheless, a taut, tense story.

A GOOD Australian one of an ex-p.o.w. who visits the family of a comrade tortured to death in their Jap prison camp, and the complications that ensue from his knowledge that the dead man's young wife, whom the family love, had sent him a letter admitting infidelity: Helen Fowler's **"The Shades Will Not Vanish"** (Angus & Robertson, 10s. 6d.).

Books

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

FICTION

"My Son And Foe," by Josephine Pinchney (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.); **"Hell Box,"** by John O'Hara (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"Five Day Crossing,"** by Robert Westerby (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.); **"The Rape Of Europa,"** by Gordon Sager (Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d.); **"Transit Of Saturn,"** by Ianthe Jerrold (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.); **"Don Among The Dead Men,"** by C. E. Vulliamy (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **"Ghostly Tales To Be Told,"** edited by Basil Davenport (Faber & Faber, 15s.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Young Man Of Paris," by Henri Calet (Hale, 9s. 6d.). The memoirs of a man who was young in the gay pre-1914 days of Paris. **"The Boat,"** by Walter Gibson (W. H. Allen, 5s.). The story of the survivor of a torpedoed boat. **"Put Money In Thy Purse,"** by Michael MacLiammóir (Methuen, 15s.). A diary of the film of *Othello*. **"Author By Profession,"** by James Leasor (Cleaver-Hume, 10s. 6d.), the starts and struggles of eleven writers with literary anecdotes and personal philosophies. **"Anna And The King,"** by Margaret Landon (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). A shortened version of *Anna And The King Of Siam*, the story of the young woman who went to Siam to teach the king's family English. **"Grey Chieftain,"** by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). The story of a dog whose adventures lead him from the police force to the film studios. Illustrated by C. Gifford Ambler. **"The Duchess Of Kent,"** by Jennifer Ellis (Odhams, 16s.). Forty-eight pages of illustration and the life story of H.R.H. Marina, Duchess of Kent, from birth.

END

Protective Colouring (*Continued from page* 33)

wouldn't have a penny to pay her bus fare home. I should therefore have to give it to her at once. So I got up quickly, tiptoed to the pew, removed the handbag without disturbing the other lady there who was kneeling in prayer, made explanatory signs to the man with the sack, who muttered back with friendly understanding, and hurried along the aisle out. Luckily Mrs. Smith was only just passing through the church door and so, with a little more dumb show passing between myself and the churchwarden, I was able to catch her up before she disappeared into the crowd at the bottom of the steps.

"Your handbag, Mrs. Smith," I gasped, a little out of breath, "you left it behind in church."

"How *very* careless of me!" she said, obviously recognizing my voice at once for she made some reference to spoiling my lunch hour. And in her mock-peremptory tone ordering me back into the concert there was more concern that my enjoyment should not be any longer interrupted than in any fulsome apology she could have made.

BUT I was presented next day with something far better than an opportunity of exchanging a few pleasant remarks about the concert. I was able to find a perfectly adequate reason for calling on her. One of the very few cheques which she did not cash personally was presented with some slight irregularity of endorsement. I confess that normally I should have let it pass, but the opportunity of calling upon her proved too great a temptation to resist. Accordingly, with the cheque in my pocket, I presented myself at her flat as soon as I left the office at the end of the day.

I was a little puzzled by the neighbourhood, but in London it is hazardous to jump to conclusions about people from the street in which they live. My inquiry of a young man who opened the door of the ground floor flat was answered by a jerk of the thumb upwards towards the second floor. I wished that his peculiar grin, amiably meant though it may have been, could have had a less disquieting effect upon me.

In the passage at the top of the stairs two doors were slightly open. I knocked at the first, but on getting no reply opened it a little further, only to withdraw hastily on discovering it was a bedroom. I had a swift impression of a clean and tidy room except for a cupboard left open and a number of things tumbled out on to the floor. I then went along to the next door, tapped on that and, getting no reply, walked in.

I am afraid that, in my curiosity to look round, the impropriety of my being there at all was forgotten. It was a pleasant room, inexpensively furnished, but with taste. I was at once reminded that one of Mrs. Smith's names was Caterina by the charming reproduction of a portrait of Saint Catherine on the wall. The sophistication of that smiling sixteenth-century Italian face delighted me, no less than the Saint herself should be there in Madame Caterina's room. But I could only bestow a glance upon her before moving across quickly to see what was in the book case. With that I was equally pleased. Cheek by jowl with *The Lives Of The Saints* I discovered *The Memoirs Of A Racing Tipster*. I was nodding approval of this wise catholicity of taste when I was reminded of where I was by unmistakable sounds from the plumbing system further down the passage. I at once faced the door and began to speak so that my presence should be known.

"They told me to wait," I said loudly, but not quite truthfully. "I've come from the bank on a quite trivial matter about a cheque. Nothing to worry about, I assure you."

It seemed to me that she stopped for a moment outside the door. When she entered the room I was astonished at the change in her appearance.

"How delightful," I greeted her with enthusiasm, "to see you without your glasses!"

She was silent for a moment then, with a note in her voice that touched me, she replied: "And how delightful it would be if, without them, I could see *you*."

But immediately, so as not to embarrass me, she added in a matter of fact tone: "Do give them to me, please. They should be on the mantelpiece beside the clock."

I walked with them slowly towards her so that I could look at those extraordinary eyes before she covered them again. Fortunately I could do so quite openly because, as she told me, she couldn't see. So I stared at them hard, fascinated but, I must confess, with growing uneasiness. They were brilliant, alive, but with an alertness that was more catlike than human. But why was she not *wearing* her glasses? And then, in a flash, I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that her vision was perfectly sound. Not only did no near-blind person ever possess such brilliant pupils, but I recalled the quick step along the passage before I spoke, the hesitation at the door, and the just perceptible swift glance as she entered the room to see if anyone else was there. Only now did I perceive the significance of these things. My hand trembled with excitement as I held the case towards her, and I dared not trust myself to speak. But when she put them on and asked me in her characteristically pleasant voice what I wished her to do about the cheque, the atmosphere became more normal. It was then, having told her what to do, that what I had seen in the bedroom rung a bell in my brain. And with it half a dozen disconnected facts fitted together and their meaning shone clear.

I was speaking to her about endorsements and explaining how the machinery of the London Clearing House worked, but all the time, like a cinema show going on independently at the back of my mind, I was visualizing her comings and goings, her odd payments into her account, and her means, if not of livelihood, at least of supplementing quite usefully her income. (*Continued on page* 66)

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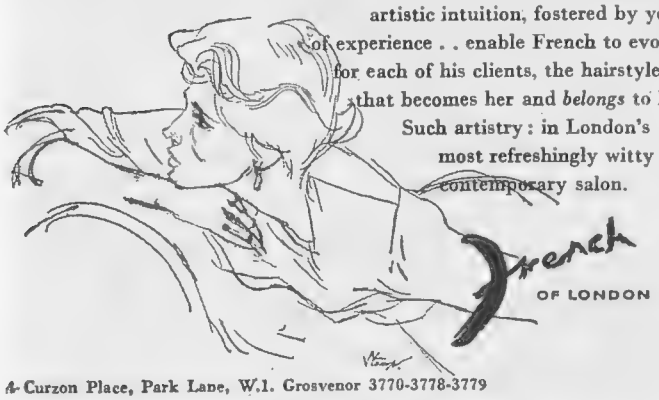

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"I can see it all now, Madame Lucrezia Caterina," my thoughts raced on, "more remunerative than murder and much less dangerous. Having selected the most devoutly absorbed lady in church, you kneel down beside her and wait. And even if you were caught with her handbag under your cloak your 'blindness' would protect you. 'How *very* careless of me,' you would say in your disarming voice. 'I must have taken the wrong one.' So you must have a supply of right ones to take along and leave behind. And I saved you one, didn't I, that day in St. Martin's Church? But it was careless of you——"

"Just my initials?" Mrs. Smith was saying as I guided her hand to the cheque.

"Yes, please, your initials will do," I answered.—"But it was careless of you," I silently resumed, "to let those you have bought all ready to be left behind be seen tumbled out on to the bedroom floor. Handbags, handbags, handbags, cheap and second-hand and strewn all over the place. Anyone who didn't know might mistake your stock in trade for stolen goods."

"Will that do?" Mrs. Smith was saying.

I picked up the cheque, apologizing again for my intrusion, and expressed the hope that I should soon see her again either in church or in the bank. I did—but not in church. She came in to close her account, and we both expressed our regrets that her disabilities alone made it necessary for her to do her banking somewhat nearer home.

Regrettably, for I confess I rather liked her—having no handbags to lose—I have never seen her since. But some months ago young Jackson told me he had seen "the old duck" popping into the Abbey.

"Indeed?" I said. And no more.

END

Protective Colouring

Pre-Christmas Cooking

(*Continued from page 56*)

until two or three days before Christmas, when you can coat it with marzipan and decorate.

If the fruit specified is difficult to obtain, use any mixture of dried fruit to the quantity required, mincing the fruit before adding it. This method produces a rich, dark, fruity cake.

PLUM PUDDING . . .

This very old recipe is the real thing. Do try to get the ingredients together if you possibly can, but if you can't, here again the fruit, which is minced, should add up to the quantity specified, and can therefore be any mixture of dried fruit.

INGREDIENTS :

½ lb. stoned raisins.
½ lb. currants.
½ lb. sultanas.
1 small carrot.
1 oz. each sweet and bitter whole almonds.
3 oz. candied peel.
½ teaspoonful each ground nutmeg and cinnamon.
½ lb. flour.
3 oz. breadcrumbs.
½ lb. suet.
½ lb. dark-brown sugar.
2 large eggs.
Rind and juice of 1 lemon.
Old ale to mix.

Mince the fruit and the carrot together. Blanch and chop the almonds coarsely. Grate the lemon rind and mix with the candied peel and almonds. Mix the flour, spice, breadcrumbs, suet and sugar together. Add the lemon rind, candied peel and nuts, then the minced fruit. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add to the lemon juice, and mix in. Finally, add the old ale, beating with a wooden spoon until a moist but not soggy mixture is obtained. Now cover the mixing bowl with a cloth and leave the ingredients to blend overnight. Next day beat again thoroughly (and in my family each member gives the pudding a stir and wishes at this stage!) Now turn the mixture into two medium-sized and well-greased pudding bowls. They should not be more than three-quarters full, as the pudding will swell. Cover first with a layer of well-greased paper, then with a pudding-cloth Steam the puddings for six hours. Remove from the heat, replace the paper and cloth with clean, dry ones, and store in a cool place until Christmas day, when the puddings will need to be steamed for a further three hours.

FINALLY, there is the mincemeat. I like to add dried apricots to give richness as well as sharpness to the mixture, but they can be omitted if they are difficult to obtain.

INGREDIENTS :

½ lb. brown sugar.
6 oz. suet.
½ lb. each currants, raisins and chopped apples.
Rind and juice of 1 lemon.
2 oz. chopped almonds or walnuts (I prefer the latter).
4 oz. mixed candied peel.
½ teaspoonful mixed spice.
¼ teaspoonful mace.
½ lb. dried apricots.
1 wineglassful rum (or brandy, but rum is better).

Soak the apricots in a very little water overnight. Then drain and mince with the currants, raisins and apples. Add the other ingredients and mix well with a wooden spoon. Put into 1-lb. jam-jars, tie down firmly, and try not to use for at least two weeks.

Well, there you are: three of the mainstays of the Christmas meals. Now get to work right away. You've no idea how good it feels to have them all ready and waiting.

My family tells me I make far too much use of the phrase "It's perfectly simple!" Well, isn't it?

END

Country Letter

(*Continued from page 42*)

heard only by themselves but sharp as the crack of a gun, away they fly, darkening the earth like a swarm of locusts.

November is the month of dramatic surprises. There was a day last year I shall never forget. Medlars, the countryman says, ought not to be picked until November 5; and on that day I had gone with a friend to bring back a basketful from an old forsaken orchard close by that I knew of. Lashed by the wind, the trees flared up like the expiring flames of a bonfire. The black clouds raced overhead. The birds were blown about the sky. And then I chanced to turn round and saw the heavens arched with a rainbow the like of which I had never seen before, brighter for the dark clouds across which it streamed, startling as unexpected music. The year was dying—but what a visionary, inspiring death! Truly we brought home with us that day far more than medlars.

But, of course, it is wrong to talk of the dying year, at least in the country. Nature never dies, she only rests. Look for them and you will find buds in the November hedges, next year's buds of hazel and wayfarer and honeysuckle. In the woods the fragrant spurge laurel is already in bloom, its green flowers clustered under the glaucous leaves. And the knowledgeable gardener need never go a single week in winter without being able to bring indoors at least a flower or two. It may be only the common yellow jasmine, pride of every cottage; or it may be something much more exciting, though hardly less easy to grow. Arbutus, for instance, that blooms and fruits at the same time, its bells hanging like lilies of the valley, its berries bright as blood. Or the Algerian iris (*Iris stylosa*) that flowers on and off throughout the winter, suddenly surprising one with blossoms as blue as the Mediterranean and strangely frail for the time of year. Or, just to name one more instance, the lovely *Viburnum fragrans*, smelling of almond so strongly that a single sprig brought into the room will fill it with scent. These and many more the knowing gardener will grow, realizing that a single blossom in winter can be worth whole armfuls in summer.

And November is also the busy month. There is so much to be done before the weather breaks. The quinces, like golden lamps on the tree, are ready to pick, for storing or making "cheese" of; the last apples are ruddy on the bough; the garden must be dug so that it may receive the full benefit of the frost and snow; the young trees and shrubs arrive from the nursery and must be set securely in their new beds; and even the idler's walk has now a purpose, to gather sloes for sloe-gin, or mushrooms for supper, or nuts for Christmas, or leaves and berries to make the house bright.

How on earth, the countryman wonders, can anybody say that November is a dreary month?

END

Bird Talk

(*Continued from page 21*)

innocently towards him. Without the least provocation, "You tick! You tick," he scolds, as he darts away.

Several birds utter cries resembling human speech, but having little sense or appositeness. A motorist passing a cornfield on a summer evening may hear a small voice beseeching him to "wet my lips." It will be that rare, shy migrant, the quail, which he might be forgiven for mistaking for a partridge. Much more familiar is the plaintive call of the yellowhammer: "A little bit of bread and no cheese."

Many birds are excellent mimics, their performance so much to the point that it is hard to believe that it is quite fortuitous. Starlings will imitate both human and bird sounds. Parrots can be taught almost any simple sentence.

Presumably the birds sleep after their night's exertions, but in the spring, when all the other feathered folk are whistling or singing their loudest, the owls sometimes wake up at about eleven o'clock in the morning. If it is a blackbird singing above their heads which disturbs them, the male owl utters a short, but peremptory protest which sounds remarkably like "Shut up!"

For those who have time and opportunity to study them, our wild birds have as many languages as the different branches of the human family. The green woodpecker laughs, the buzzard hovering over Dartmoor mews, swifts scream when the weather is thundery, puffins, sitting on a ledge of rock above the foaming, swirling sea, growl like dogs. Swans, like geese, hiss their disapproval, but no man has ever heard, except in his imagination, the "swan song," which, in spite of the protests of ornithologists, has become one of the romantic clichés of the English language.

END

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The girl who makes her Braemar double for a dozen different dates is smart. She knows the clear-cut classic line is her best play in fashion's game, a foil for suave accessories that key it to the moment's mood and grand or gay occasions.

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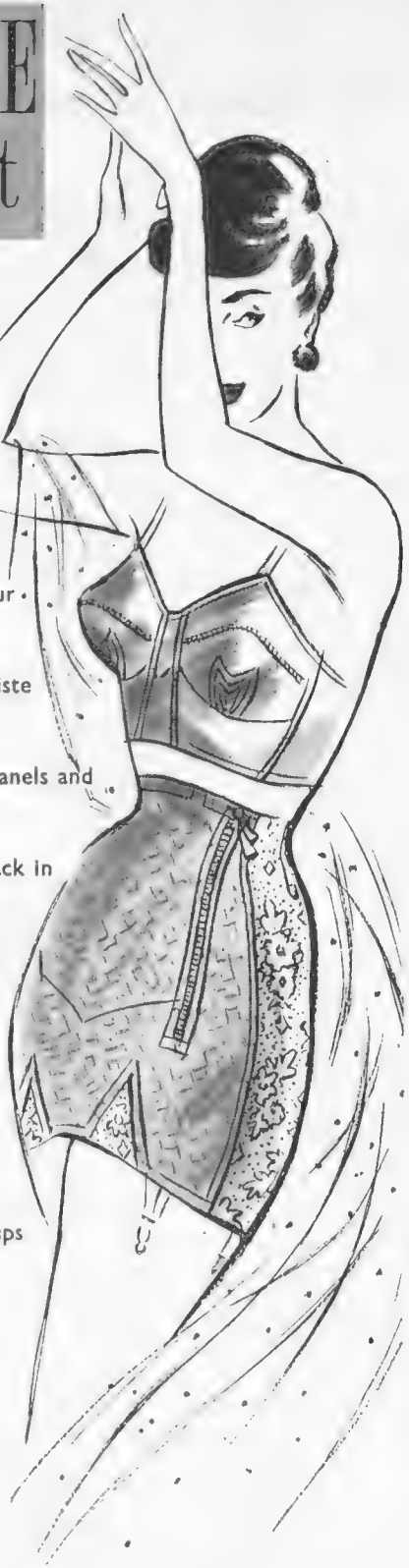

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Building Your Own House

(*Continued from page 47*)

On the question of actual cost, most local authorities feel that a private house should be built at something around the same standard as the average council house. To give you an idea of how much you'll be allowed to spend they'll divide the property cost by the number of sq. ft. If a council house costs about 30s. a sq. ft. and your proposed mansion costs about £4 a sq. ft. you'll be politely told you can't spend as much as that. Most private houses average out at about £3 10s. a sq. ft. This includes building one or two cupboards and using moderately priced fittings.

YOUR house is now well on its way towards being built. At this point comes an important question: to have or not to have an architect. If you have one, he will cost you anywhere from six per cent to fifteen per cent of the contract depending on who you choose and how much time and trouble he takes in the designing of your house. The alternative to an architect is a builder who will certainly charge you a great deal less.

Nevertheless I personally feel that an architect is unquestionably your best choice. An architect will design you a much better looking house, he will use all the available space much more efficiently. And perhaps the most important point of all, because your house is designed scientifically it will be more durable and maintenance costs will therefore be considerably less.

Take, for instance, the question of insulation. Before the war people had lots of draughts, lots of hot fires to counter the draughts and lots of servants to keep the fires going. Nowadays with less coal and less servants, insulation is receiving a lot of attention. And in a properly insulated house you will not only be more comfortable but you will also save up to twenty per cent on coal bills.

SHOULD you wish to be really original you can even buy a prefabricated timber house. Wood is much easier to get than it was. You can pick up your wooden house in its separate pieces at the factory, take it to your chosen site and there have it assembled by your architect.

Even more remarkable, your off-the-production line timber house can be designed in quite close accordance with your individual tastes and requirements. As far as prices are concerned, there are a variety to choose from starting at a little over £500. Of course this does not include the cost of installing drains and so on; all this has to be taken care of separately.

But whatever your final choice; whether your house is built of wood or brick; whether it reflects the joyous adventurousness of modern design or the reticent dignity of the traditional; whether it represents a miracle of penny-stretching or the last word in luxury—most important of all is the fact that it is *yours*. A genuine and lasting expression of your individual tastes and needs.

END

The Model And The Muse

(*Continued from page 29*)

where she was cracking nuts with her teeth, scattering the shells. The gentle Gabriel stood amazed at the sight of this girl with the face of a goddess behaving with such indecorum. She laughed at his amazement, and pelted him with shells. She needed little persuasion to sit for him, or to perform other extra-mural duties.

The ugly, gnomish, magnificent Toulouse-Lautrec found his inspiration among the colourful but notorious Montmartre restaurants, in street women, in brothels. Renoir "discovered" young girls of fourteen and fifteen, willing not only to sit for him, but also to clean up his studio to make his bed, to drudge for him, and, it is alleged, to be his mistresses.

No, the job of artist's model, then, could claim little respectability, no professional status, and highly hazardous prospects.

With such a man as Toulouse-Lautrec, it *could* be gay. In her recent book, José Shercliff tells how Jane Avril, famous dancer of the Moulin Rouge, might be summoned by Lautrec for a sitting at any time of night or day. But, before work, came pleasure, in the form of good food and wine. A hungry or tired model was of no use to him.

BETWEEN the two world wars, the model had begun to acquire a solid status. An association had been formed and had won an increase to 2s. 6d. an hour. It was, in fact, well on its way to getting a "utility" label: a job to be done, much like any other job.

Despite the modern respectability of the model, the job is still a precarious one. Draughts and chills are a constant hazard, and there is no pay for a model who falls sick. Work can never be called regular. The final hazard is that of changing fashion.

Many amateurs try their hands at this apparently easy job of modelling. Most of them give it up again within a matter of weeks, or even days. Yet the professionals, like Pat Murphy, keep on with it. To the obvious question "why," she replies: "Because it allows me complete freedom. I work pretty well what hours I wish. I suppose I value that freedom above all the other things we should have but haven't yet got; things like better pay and more security."

END

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Dressing A Film (*Continued from page 27*)

changed to Technicolor, and Miss Harris hastily added a cerise sash. The dash of colour took the place of the former black and white contrast. But she would, in any case, have chosen a suit rather than a dress. Modern dress films must not date, and a suit which *looks* simple, though it may have some intricate pleating or collar detail, is always safest, so stars wear suits whenever possible. This timing is the most difficult of all the designers' problems. They must have a flair for anticipating which of current Paris rumours will actually "catch on," because a film's première may be held up for as much as two years. For this reason, designers avoid hats as much as possible or choose small, timeless ones rather than the newest creations which date so fatally.

Most film dresses have to be top-heavy in design. As we see only the top half on the screen for a good deal of the time, clothes have to be designed to look well-proportioned both when seen half- and when seen full-length. And as everything is so much larger than life-size on the screen, light, shiny materials which make us look just a little fatter in real life, put on inches on the screen, while matt, dark colours reduce. Because of this exaggerating effect, clothes have to be perfectly finished; every outsize stitch and certainly every crease would glare reproachfully at the designer. Another difficulty: some materials are too noisy. Taffeta rustling on the soundtrack makes the perfect thunderstorm; stiffened net scraping on the floor sounds like bathwater running out. Flannel lining saves the situation.

How realistically should "real" characters be dressed? Hollywood, "Oscar"-winning designer Edith Head claims that whenever she dresses, say, a shop assistant, she finds out how much the girl could really afford to spend on clothes, and then "budgets" her dresses accordingly. In our films, clothes are usually quite realistic; but some designers prefer to dress their characters just a little better than they could afford to in real life.

This is a very sound principle, but unfortunately there is also a tendency in British films to make a good, honest woman synonymous with a dowdy, sexless creature.

In one category American dress designers definitely surpass ours: Our musicals are not helped by their costumes.

But if the Americans beat us in musicals, we win on period films. Hollywood is apt to sacrifice accuracy for prettiness. Our studios don't. The coming Wilcox production of *The Beggar's Opera*, though dressed by French-American George Veckovitch, will be faithfully Hogarthian in costume as well as character.

Modern poverty-stricken costumes are not easy to come by, and dirt and wear is far more difficult to simulate than gold or diamonds. When Julie Harris was designing for *Penny Princess*, which featured peasants from a middle-European "Ruritania," she had a brilliant idea: On location in a small Spanish mountain village, she let it be known that any villager who offered a patched and faded shirt, would get a new one in return. The whole village was soon walking about in brand-new shirts and the raggy ones have "gone into stock" in Pinewood Studios.

As one designer, who wishes to be nameless, as she hopes to work again, put it: "Of course, you've got to be quite a good designer for the films, but above all, you've got to be a diplomat and a psychologist to convince stars that the colour of their hair is not being "killed," their eyes don't clash with their ties, and their hips or shoulders are narrow or wide enough, as the case may be. Actors' taste and modesty are not necessarily up to their looks!" In theory, stars have to wear what they are told, but in practice even the hardiest film director hesitates to embark on several weeks' work with a temperamental star with a grouse.

END

England's Granary (*Continued from page 22*)

provide milk for the people of Ipswich and further afield. As the land rises away from the river valley the green pastures quickly disappear, their place taken by field after field of oats, barley and wheat. Farther north where the land is lighter and almost every field is ploughed the cornfields are a wonderful sight in summer as the whole landscape changes from green to gold and finally to the burnt-out browns and greys of the stubble fields.

In a countryside so prosperous and with such a long history of rural prosperity, villages are numerous. There are literally hundreds within twenty miles of Bury, all linked by little roads and lanes which wind and twist bewilderingly round the edges of the planted fields. Many of the lanes follow the rights of way which were first established in feudal times.

And then Bury itself—thronged, noisy, boisterous, with people on the pavements spilling out into the road, still all talking at once and transforming a sleepy country town into a busy, zestful metropolis pulsating with life. There are usually a few visitors in Bury in the holiday season, and some motorists who draw up in the wide square before the abbey gateway for lunch or tea, but they are utterly swamped on market days and Saturdays by the local people.

Yet Bury St. Edmunds or St. Edmundsbury, to give two variants of its official name, is an interesting a place as any town in East Anglia except perhaps Norwich. Charles Dickens knew it and liked it. Daniel Defoe called it the Montpelier of England. Since their time few have sung its praises or told of the great store of England architecture which it contains and the historic memories which it evokes. The abbey, now ruined beyond repair, was founded 1,200 years or more ago. Then in 903 the tomb of King Edmund, the Saxon martyr, was brought to it; in its wake came thousands and thousands of pilgrims, who rivalled in number and enthusiasm the later pilgrims to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham or to the tomb of St. Thomas Becket in Canterbury.

The abbey became wealthy, its wealth swelled by the trade which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Edmund attracted. The town, now called after the martyr king St. Edmundsbury, grew up rapidly and was one of the first cities of England, so famous in the land that parliaments were held in it and it was chosen as the meeting-place of clergy and nobles when they decided on the steps which they would take to force King John to implement Magna Carta. So St. Edmundsbury justified its motto "Sacrarium regis, cunabila legis"—"The tomb of the King, the cradle of the Law."

So this part of West Suffolk is a countryside of lovely churches as well as of interesting villages and pleasant vistas. Judged as walker's country it is an acquired taste. Though footpaths are numerous they are seldom used and many of them are ploughed up regularly in the early spring or autumn. For compensation there are hundreds of miles of lanes which are equally good for the walker and for the motorist who is content to potter along the by-ways from village to village and from farm to farm. For motorists who weary of pottering there are some splendid highroads, quiet and unspoilt, such as that which links Haverhill with Long Melford through Clare and Cavendish. Another runs from Long Melford to Bury, by way of Lavenham, and a third crosses the plateau from Haverhill through Stradishall to Bury.

Where the hills fall away on the north there are the seemingly endless tracks across "Breckland wild" towards Brandon and Mildenhall. Here, when Suffolk's woollen trade was at its height, there were only banks of shifting sand. Later the edges of the heathland were broken into vast fields called brecks, which gave the area its modern name of Breckland. Soon the sand overwhelmed them.

Now a miracle of reclamation has taken place. Vast plantations of conifers which flourish in the thin soil are binding it together while long lines of trees break the wind and prevent the sand from shifting. Thousands of barren acres have been brought under cultivation but much of Breckland remains untamed. Its many links with prehistoric times include Grime's Graves, the site of one of Britain's earliest mines, a flint mine in which Stone Age man won the raw material for his weapons. The flint-knapping at nearby Brandon maintains the tradition which began at least four thousand years ago.

END

A Little Luck *Continued from page 54*

producer Gilbert Miller, for a girl to star in the play *Gigi*.

This play—by Anita Loos, based on a book by Colette—tells the story of a sixteen-year-old girl, whose scheming mother and grandmother think that marriage will not be as profitable as being the friend of a millionaire.

As soon as she saw Audrey Hepburn, Colette at once jumped up from her luncheon-table and signed her for the part—without even consulting the other two! She was certain that Miss Hepburn was the girl they wanted.

Since then the film and stage offers have flowed in; she has starred in *Secret People*, and is at present working on another film.

Agreed all this might have been delayed had she not met Colette by chance—but that meeting would have been useless if she had not had the ability and the training to profit by the lucky meeting and the offer of a big part. . . .

Luck. . . . Was it luck that helped to give the world streptomycin? Consider how it came about.

For twenty-eight years Dr. Selman A. Waksman had worked in his small laboratory at Rutgers College of Agriculture, New Brunswick, New Jersey, on the theory that "there are probably more different kinds of tiny plants and animals in the soil than there are on top of it."

His years of search for an antibiotic that would kill microbes harmful to man but not the man, were clouded by disappointment and official uninterest. In 1941, one university official even went so far as to suggest that there was no future to his research at all. He should be dismissed "for economy."

Two years later, a local chicken-farmer sent in a sick hen for routine diagnosis. The man who dealt with this everyday case noticed something unusual in the chicken's gizzard, and sent a culture of it along to Dr. Waksman for his opinion.

Dr. Waksman nurtured the culture, discovered he could isolate a similar one from heavily fertilized soil—and that they both had tremendous power as germ-killers. They were both strains of *streptomyces griseus*—which he had first isolated in 1915—but which then had been worthless against human germs.

He called the new antibiotics streptomycin—and all the world now knows the wonder of this drug.

But—was it luck that let Dr. Waksman stay on, and the farmer send in a sick hen he might so easily have destroyed himself?—was it luck that made the pathologist who examined the bird send a culture to Dr. Waksman? I wonder. . . .

END

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An R.K.O. Radio Picture
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For her fair skin and red hair, Susan chooses Max Factor Fair Pan-Stik.

*GUARANTEE: Buy Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Stik at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Store, and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, **the very first time you use it**, simply return the unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood & London (Sales) Ltd., 16, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, for full refund.*

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And in Paris and New York.

Poison Lips

(*Continued from page* 13)

is anything to go by, private reputations are probably worse off in male, than in female hands. "Taking it out" on foreigners is nothing but a wider application of "taking it out on someone else in a troubled age."

Taking due note of public outpourings in latter years, is it surprising that, in America, here, and elsewhere, there's a trend towards the poison tongue? Has mankind ever before lived through such an interlude of abuse, lies and innuendo; has it ever been roped in to participate in such malice of the mind, passing as propaganda?

First it was the Nazis, whose cultivation of hate demanded that anything and everything be thought and said of the other fellow. To-day it is the Russians and their crew of underlings, whose warmonger abuse and sheer invention and lying would have turned Goebbels green with envy.

"McCarthyism" is called after the American senator who seeks sheltered positions from which to launch wildly unfounded charges against political opponents. McCarthyism looks, indeed, to be definitely involved in the spread of "poison lips" in the States. People read this kind of thing and hear it on the air and television. Why shouldn't they have a go, too?

It will be interesting to see what becomes of a suit filed by Charlie Chaplin, who has had to put up with a fair dollop of "poison lips" in his day. Mr. Chaplin claims one million pounds from the National Broadcasting Company, alleging that articles written by one Hy Gardner and broadcast by N.B.C. implied that he, Chaplin, was a "Communist and a liar" and exposed him to scorn, hatred and contempt and jeopardized his career.

PERSONALLY, I'm not in the least surprised by what is happening in America. Tens of millions of people absorb a measure of poison talk in one way or another from recognized sources. They must like it or they wouldn't listen to it. They have been told often enough that it's phoney and worse. What more natural than that the lips of the multitude should in due course begin to shape the same pernicious mouthings.

How far matters have been allowed to go, may be judged by a top directive which went out to high U.S. Air Force officers all over the world, signed by their chief, General Hoyt Vandenberg. This high executive warned the whole Service in very strong terms not to indulge in gossip or "poison tongue" rumours, about the army and navy air arms. The General felt that some of his top men had begun dropping hints to columnists.

Paradoxically, it seems that poison talk can also devolve from keeping the lips too tight. The contention is that the extraordinary series of scandals which have rocked the Truman Administration would never have been ventilated had there been less secrecy in government. The bureaucratic idea was that the public did not need to know too many of the facts. A stop was accordingly put on certain news, "in the interests of security." Then what happened? Invariably lips went to work to fill the void, all too frequently "poison lips."

All of which is not to say that poison pens are being laid aside—far from it. There was recently a small crop of them active in the United Kingdom. They have even received a fresh impetus by the introduction of the ball pen which enables foul lies and libels to be penned in block letters with less chance of detection by handwriting experts than used to be the case when nibs only were used.

Over in the United States they are calling this the poison pen age and a special Post Office "laboratory" has been set afoot, where a study is made of writers and suspects, and also of recipients, the unwitting prompters of the evil. Can anything be learnt from an analysis of their types?

The conclusion drawn is that the current situation is "all psychological."

END

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LONDON • NEW YORK

Tailored Shirt Blouse

(*Continued from page* 44)

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for the right front but reversing all shapings, i.e. inc. for the mitred corner in the first st. of the p. row and the last st. of the k. rows. Keeping 16 sts. in m. when working the "Lattice" patt. at the front edge and omitting the buttonholes.

LONG SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 62 sts. Work 2 rows in st.st.

Next row.—K. twice into each st.

Continue in st.st. without shaping until sleeve measures 16 ins.

Shape Top.—Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. both ends of the next 8 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 50 sts. remain, then dec. 1 st. both ends of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

LEFT YOKE

With No. 14 needles and m., cast on 24 sts., work in st.st., inc. 1 st. at the beg. of the 11th (k. row) and every following 10th row, same edge, until work measures 4½ ins. Then with the right side facing, cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge of every row until all sts. are cast off.

RIGHT YOKE

Work as given for the left yoke but beg. with a p. row and reading p. rows for k. rows, and wrong side for right side facing, etc.

CUFFS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 62 sts., work in st.st. for 2½ ins., ending with a k. row, k. next row to reverse the cuff. Work 2½ ins., beg. with another k. row. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts., work in st.st. for 3 ins., inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every row, ending with a k. row, k. 1 row. Work for a further 3 ins., beg. with another k. row and dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 120 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO COMPLETE GARMENT

Press the work with a hot iron under a damp cloth, avoiding the lattice patt. Sew the yoke pieces to fronts—the long edge of yoke to top of bouse, backstitching the edges together on the wrong side. Join the shoulder seams. Set in the sleeves. Join the side and sleeve seams. Join the mitred corners. Lightly stitch back the hem and front facings to the wrong side, matching the buttonholes. Sew the cuffs to ends of sleeves. Make a buttonhole loop of 6 ch. in centre of cuffs. Fold collar, right sides inside, and stitch short ends together. Turn collar right side outside and sew to neck edge about ¾ in. in from each front edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with the buttonholes. Press the seams.

END

Two Hats In Candlewick

(*Continued from page* 45)

THE CAP

13th round.—1 d.c. into 4 d.c.; * miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next; rep. from * 4 times, 1 d.c. into each d.c. to opposite end; rep. from * to *. 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end, ending with a sl.st.

14th round.—1 d.c. into each d.c. all round. Fasten off and darn in end.

Make a treble bow of ribbon and stitch flatly along the top of cap.

THE BONNET

8th round.—4 ch., 1 tr. into 1st space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into each space all round. Join with a sl.st.

9th round.—1 ch., 1 d.c. on top of 1st tr., 2 d.c. into 1st space, * 1 d.c. into top of next tr., 2 d.c. into space; rep. from * all round into each space.

BRIM

4 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c.; * 2 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c.; rep. from * until 22 spaces have been worked. Turn with 4 ch.

2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th rows.—2 ch., 1 tr. into each space.

6th row.—1 ch., 4 d.c. into 1st space (corner); * 1 d.c. on top of next tr., 1 d.c. into each of the 2 ch. made for space; rep. from * across front brim; 4 d.c. into corner space, 3 d.c. into *each* space at side; 1 d.c. into each d.c. across the d.c. of back portion; 3 d.c. into each space at other side. Finish off with a sl.st. Cut cotton and darn in end. Press brim only with a warm iron and damp cloth. Place flowers at side of bonnet.

NOTE: A space is made by 2 ch. 1 tr.

END

Flames On A Mountainside

(*Continued from page* 12)

Josiká was now standing in the road beside the car. Naomi appealed to him: "Please get in again."

"No, Madame, I cannot," he replied. "Good-bye and thank you for your kindness. To be both beautiful and kind is as great a thing as a woman can achieve. You have achieved it."

"Get in, man!" Alan said abruptly to Josiká. "It's your only chance. Get in."

Sandor Josiká hesitated for a second, then got in. "I shall never forget what you are doing for me," he said. "Thank you."

* * *

It was ten minutes afterwards that they passed the sideroad, a rock-strewn mule track of a road leading to some little hovel of a farm on the mountainside. When they had (*Continued on page* 76)

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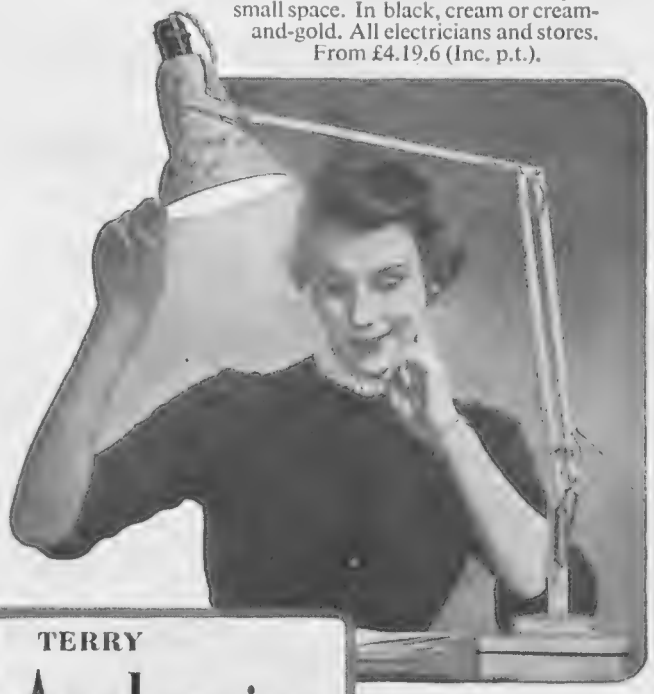

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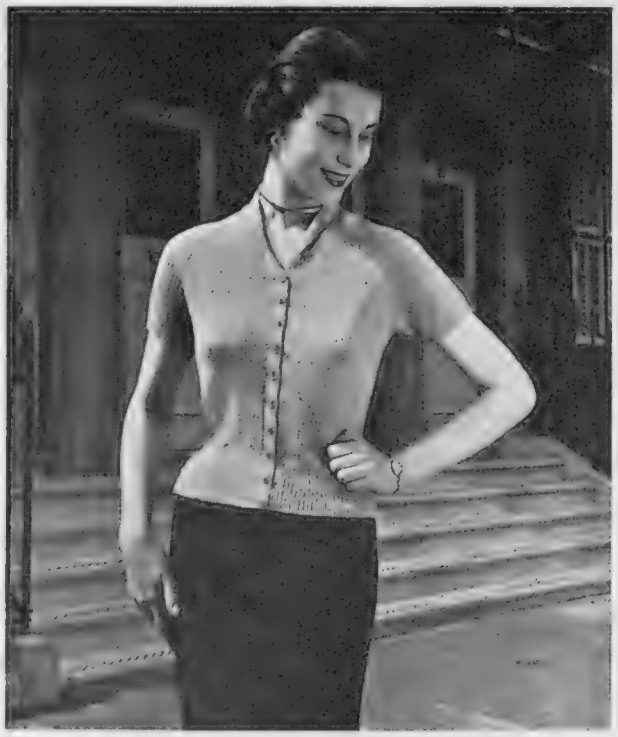

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swept past, Sandor Josiká looked back to watch the lorry pull out of the turning. "They have found us," he said quietly.

Naomi glanced over her shoulder. "It's a lorry, Alan. Faster, Alan, faster!"

The lorry did not pass. At the point where the road curved to its greatest extent, the driver accelerated.

The front bumper of the lorry, almost a girder in its solidity, struck the rear of Alan's car strongly but with more of a push than a blow. Then the lorry driver slammed on his brakes and took the corner, skidding wildly.

The car, with its velocity increased beyond the terminal point of safety for that particular corner, did not skid. It leaped forwards and outwards, seeming to poise itself in mid-air over the chasm beyond the roadside. Then its nose dropped and it fell.

Fifty feet down it struck the fierce incline of the precipice and turned over, somersaulting precisely. It struck again, not squarely this time, and rolled like a barrel down the hillside. A hundred feet down it hit a tree, wrapping itself about the thing, cracking the trunk as easily as a thumb will crack a match-stalk. For a second there was silence; then flames towered, making a noise like wind. . . .

* * *

Alan moved. It seemed to him that he was swimming upwards in the vortex of a whirlpool of ink. The blackness was threatening to drag him down. He strove desperately to rise, knowing that life and light were above him. He succeeded and opened his eyes.

His body ached, making an agony of the smallest movement, but he overcame the temptation to lie motionless and heaved himself unsteadily to his feet, moving like a man buried in thick mud. The thought of Naomi filled his mind to the exclusion of all other things. He knew she was dead. It was a cold, terrible lump of certainty.

He had been lying some thirty feet from where the car had finally come to rest. As he staggered to his feet he could feel the heat of the conflagration at the base of the tree. Already the car was no more than a twisted shell of half-molten metal. He stared at it, blinking, licking his dry lips; searching for some evidence to confirm the terrible certainty that Naomi had died. There was no such evidence to be seen. There was nothing to be seen except vivid flames leaping about a shapeless skeleton.

ALAN dragged his eyes away from the hypnotic glare below him and started to search the hillside. He saw the figure of Sandor Josiká, crumped at the base of a tree. As he watched Josiká moved. The fact that the Hungarian was alive registered on his mind, but was ignored. The thought of Naomi dominated; nothing mattered—only Naomi and whether or not she lived. Seconds later he saw her body. It was half concealed by a bush. She was motionless. Frantically he scrambled towards the bush. Her dress had been half torn off her. She was lying on her face. Now he was kneeling beside her. "Naomi! Naomi, my darling, are you all right?"

She did not answer. Gently, he turned her over. Her right arm was broken. Blood from a gash on her forehead covered her face and matted her hair. "Naomi! Oh God! Speak to me, my darling!"

Her eyelids fluttered, then opened. She looked at him, it seemed, from a great distance. Relief suffused his whole being; his mind, his belly, his very finger-tips, like the bursting of a huge abscess of anxiety. He laughed suddenly and leaned forward to kiss her face. Then he waited, glorying in the fact that at least she was still alive, while she slowly came closer to him. Soon her eyes lost their blankness and she smiled. "Alan. . . ." It was the slightest whisper, but more precious than any word spoken in the history of the world.

SOMEWHERE—somewhere in the far distance he heard a noise. He ignored it. Joy was too strong in him. Tears were running down his filthy cheeks and he knew nothing but that she lived.

Understanding reached him suddenly. Men approaching! They could be strangers—passing motorists—or they could be Josiká's enemies! He gently lowered Naomi's head to the ground. His mind was astonishingly clear. He knew he had to presume that the men in the bushes were enemies and that he had to act. "Lie still, my little love," he whispered. "Lie quite, quite still and pretend to be dead. Don't move until you hear my voice again. Shut your eyes and rest and trust me. I must leave you, otherwise we shall die."

He located the sounds in the undergrowth. They came from some distance away on the right. He glanced upwards. The drop below the place where the car had left the road was vertical for more than twenty feet. Impossible for a man to climb down it. Evidently the crew of the lorry had found a way down some distance away and were now beating back towards them. He realized that he had only a few seconds—a minute perhaps—in which to think, to prepare and to act. Had they seen him moving, he wondered? Or heard him? Probably not, for the undergrowth was thick.

QUIETLY, but swiftly, feeling no pain from his bruises now, he made his way to Josiká, keeping a screen of bushes between himself and the noises on the right. He reached the Hungarian. "Josiká! Are you all right?"

"My legs are broken, my friend. I cannot move. Can you hear them coming? You must hide. Quickly, or they will kill you—and your wife."

"Have you still got your pistol?"

"It is in my pocket. Go! Go quickly and I will try to hold them off with the pistol for a while to let you get away." The injured man's eyes were full of entreaty. "Please! Please leave me," he pleaded. "I cannot move. You can do nothing to help me now. Save yourselves."

(*Continued on page 78*)

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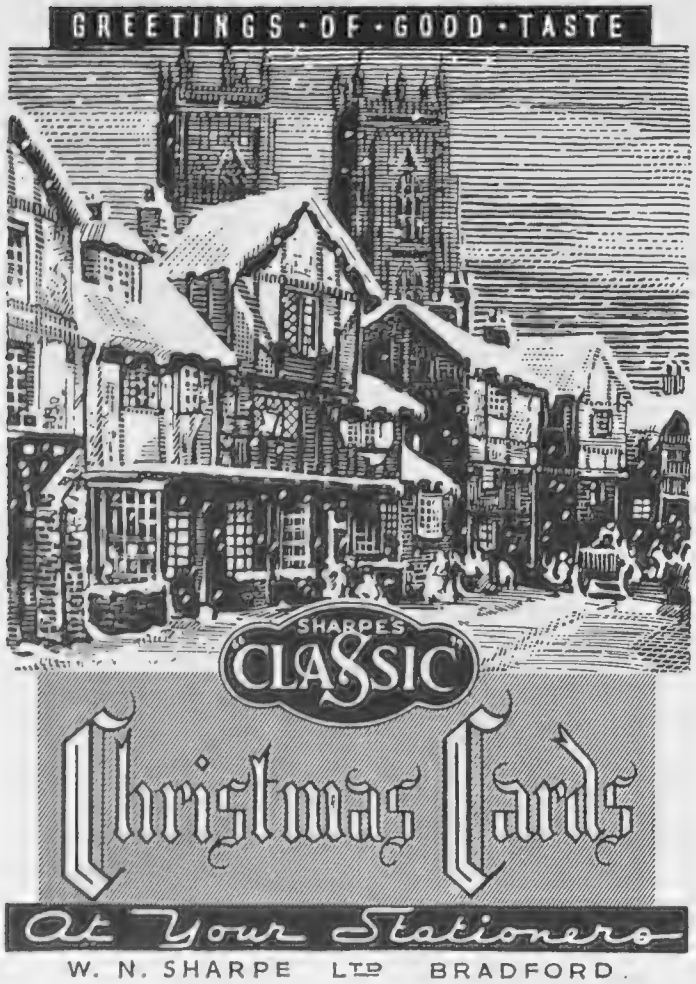

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"Give me the pistol. Pretend to be dead. I have an idea."

* * *

They came through the undergrowth in single file; three men, lean and brown and hard. The first one carried a Sten gun. The other two had pistols in holsters at their belts.

They saw Josiká. They saw Naomi, probably. They certainly saw Alan, who was spreadeagled in the lowest branches of a tree ten yards away from Josika's motionless body. Alan looked as dead as a broken doll. His head lolled. One arm was twisted awkwardly behind him, seemingly pinned by a branch. The other arm hung limply down, with blood dripping slowly from the finger-tips.

The leader was evidently the second man in the file of three. He said something to the Sten-gunner in front of him, and the man advanced cautiously to stand over Josiká. The sub-machine gun prodded down into the Hungarian's ribs while the other two watched intently, waiting for a sign of life.

Then Alan moved his arm from behind him and shot the Sten-gunner through the brain. The man fell forward, toppling like a felled pine-tree over Josiká's huddled figure at his feet.

Alan shot the third man as he snatched the pistol from the holster at his belt. The man screamed and doubled up, falling forwards into undergrowth smouldering from the heat of the fire.

MEANWHILE the leader, who thought quickly and acted as he thought, had dived forwards and downwards when the first shot rang out. His dive took him to within a yard of the body of the Sten-gunner. He did not trouble to grope for his pistol but seized the dead man's sub-machine gun and rolled incredibly swiftly behind a bush.

Alan fired at him and missed. Alan fired again; then looked into the muzzle of the man's pistol. Lying prone, with his elbow rested on the ground, the man had an easy shot. A bullet crashed into Alan's shoulder and his right arm suddenly ceased to belong to him at all. The pistol fell from his numbed hand. . . .

Then the leader stood up, holding the Sten gun at his hip with his finger on the trigger. Alan stared at him—at the machine gun and at the trigger finger.

Red fire leaped from the Sten gun. Noise thudded and echoed from the mountainsides. But no hail of nine millimetre bullets crashed into Alan's chest. Instead, nearly cut in half by the explosion which he had held in his hands, the resistance leader died. Alan stopped in his tracks and stared incredulously as the man folded to the ground with the limp spinelessness of an empty sack.

They were all dead. Shooting Alan had been the final action of the third man. He lay with his right arm outstretched, still gripping his pistol.

Alan stared at them, one after another, feeling anger no longer—nor pity, for that matter, nor regret. They had been at war.

He went to Naomi and splinted her broken arm with a piece of wood and the remains of her dress. He went to Josiká and allowed the Hungarian to bind up the bullet wound in his shoulder. His arm had come back to life. It hurt like hell, but he could use it.

Then he staggered through the path in the undergrowth which the Resistance men had made and gained the road. The lorry stood at the roadside. He wondered whether he would be able to drive it, but realized that he would not. Faintness was coming over him, waves of nausea which swept up like a sea on a flat beach and retired, only to sweep up again and nearer.

A car arrived a few minutes later. The occupants made a litter out of two branches and some foliage and, having strapped Josiká's shattered legs to the two main members, they carried him up to the lorry. Then they made a chair with their hands for Naomi. They filled the back of the lorry with foliage and laid the three of them side by side. An hour later they were at the house of the doctor at Ax-les-Thermes.

THE police came the following morning. They wrote down details of Josiká's story and believed it, for they knew their Pyrenees. The three dead men were Spaniards, with no right to be on the French side of the border. "*Tant pis pour eux,*" the policemen said. "Too bad for them." Then they asked how the leader had died and Alan, who had been a major in the British Army, was prepared to be technical.

"I told you that the first man I shot fell forwards, holding the Sten gun in front of him, Messieurs. It is probable that he dug the muzzle of his weapon into the ground in falling. . . ."

"Ah! But evidently," the police said knowledgeably.

"Even with an ordinary machine pistol such a thing might be fatal to the subsequent firer," Alan went on, "but with the Sten, which does not have a locking bolt—in which the bolt is always free to fly backwards—it would be especially dangerous. The man must have received the full force of the explosion in his stomach."

The police appreciated the explanation, having a professional interest in firearms. They discussed it and agreed unanimously that Alan had correctly described the accident. "You were lucky, Monsieur," they said before they went. "Please accept our congratulations."

Alan thanked them. "I was very lucky," he admitted.

The elder and senior of the policemen, pausing on the threshold, looked directly at Naomi for a moment. She was pale beneath the brilliant white of the arm sling. Her pallor suited her. She was exceedingly beautiful.

"There are many kinds of luck, Monsieur Watson," the policeman said gallantly. "You appear to have a monopoly. Good day to you, and a quick recovery."

END

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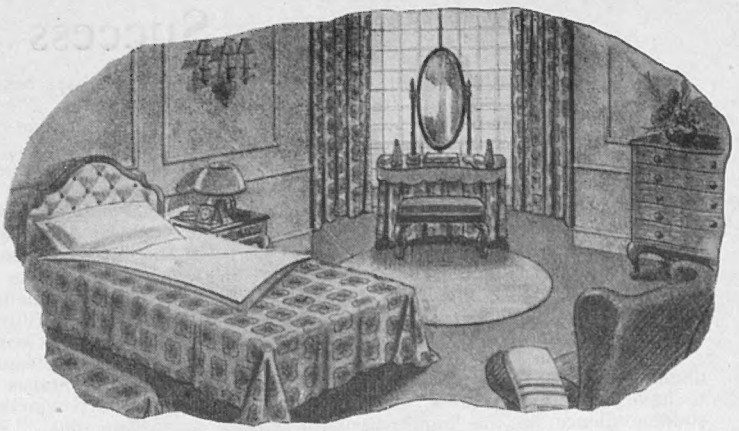

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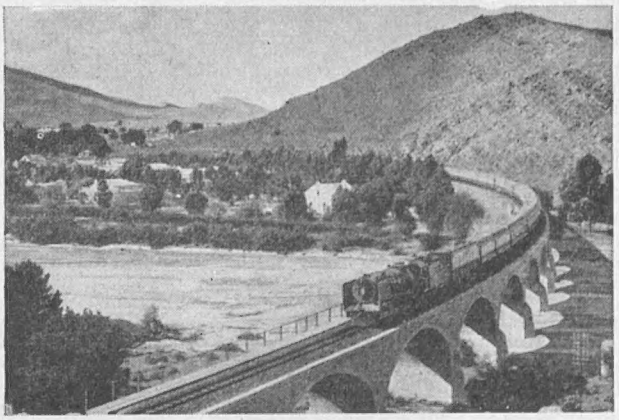

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Success (*Continued from page 38*)

The result was quite startling.

As soon as they mentioned the name "Dr. Kingsley" they ceased to be two total strangers in whom no one was interested, and became the centre of a growing knot of men, women and children all babbling information.

"We'll take you there, mister," the children volunteered shrilly, and they insisted. So Sir Hilary Carruthers-Browne and Sir Ridgeway Porterhouse had to walk some distance along the street to a much darker and less populated part, preceded, surrounded and followed up by children of all ages and sizes.

"Wad'jer want the doctor for, mister?" demanded one of the bigger boys, who seemed to have become suspicious. And there was sudden silence as the implications of the question dawned on everyone. A ring of upturned faces awaited the reply.

"Oh, we're very old friends of his," said Sir Hilary soothingly.

Relieved murmurs of approval went up, and goodwill was restored at once.

"Thought you might be 'tecs perhaps," explained their original interlocutor, and he looked at Sir Ridgeway in particular.

THE procession moved on and came to a halt before a house that might well have been the one described by Sir Ridgeway earlier in the evening, except that it was on a corner. There was the shop front with its window painted half-way up in some dark colour—very likely brown—and the word "Surgery" in large gold-leaf letters. "Hours 8 to 10 and 6 to 9. Thursdays 8 to 10 only. Sundays 9 to 11." And below that: "G. Kingsley, M.D. A. Kingsley, M.D."

The children stood around them as they studied it.

"Good Lord, he might have a grown-up son in practice with him," said Sir Hilary. "Plenty of time for that since last *we* saw him."

There was still a light in the waiting-room, and at that moment a bell tinkled as the door opened. A hatless young woman came out hugging a large bottle. Apparently she was the last patient, and behind her was obviously the doctor himself.

"Good night, Mrs. Cole," he said. "Now mind you keep him warm and don't let him get up till I've seen him again."

The children set up a shout of greetings, and the doctor grinned cheerfully. His face was in the light of the street-lamp on the corner. It was George Kingsley all right. He had got much stouter, but he still had his thick mop of curly hair.

"What do you imps want?" he demanded. "Go and play somewhere else. Most of you ought to be in bed anyway."

And then he spotted the two strangers.

"You're a bit late," he said, "but never mind. . . ."

HE hesitated and looked again. It had obviously struck him that they didn't look much like patients. The light was behind them and their faces were in shadow.

"They say they're friends o'yourn," several boys declared.

"That's right, George," said Sir Hilary. "We've come along to know if you still fancy yourself at scrum half."

"I'd know that voice anywhere!" exclaimed George Kingsley. "Billy Brown as ever was! Now Sir Hilary, whose pardon I beg. And who's that? Even without his thatch I recognize him. Sir Ridgeway Porterhouse. Come in. Come in."

They shook hands warmly, and as the door closed behind them a cheer went up from the crowd of boys, relieved to find that they had not been deceived.

There was no doubt about the welcome—and there was no smell of cabbage. George Kingsley led them through the waiting-room into the surgery behind and up some stairs to the first floor where he introduced them to the second Dr. Kingsley. The "A" was for Alice, and it was his wife, a handsome woman perhaps ten years or so younger than her husband. She made them as warmly welcome as he had done.

NO one asked why they had come. No one made any direct reference to the interval between, but on a fine Cumberland dresser was a row of silver pots, and a glance at the dates on them brought back memories which gave rise to a good deal of cheerful laughter. Sentimental feelings were aroused in the one-time Billy Brown, but it was quite obvious that to George Kingsley the past was just the past, pleasant enough, but with no obvious advantages over the present.

"The only exercise I get now is a game of darts," he said. "The local lads take darts very seriously. As a matter of fact, it's my practise night at 'The Cauliflower and Keepsake,' but I think I could give it a miss without losing my place in the team."

"No, don't do that, George," said Sir Hilary. "We were originally going to one or two of Ridgie's joints, but I'm sure yours will be more amusing.

"Splendid idea. We don't get much spare time, and we have to fit a lot of things into it. We've got over three thousand patients between us. In addition I'm a member of the Borough Council. Then there's the Boys' Club and, of course, the Seamen's Mission. And the Women's Institute for Alice."

Alice Kingsley looked at her husband and laughed.

"Never a dull moment," she said. "In one of my recurrent dreams all our patients fall ill at the same time. But this is by way of being an evening off."

"But if we go to 'The Cauliflower' for the sports, what do you do, Dr. Kingsley?" inquired Sir Ridgeway gallantly.

"Simple," she replied. "I go, too. The working man's not like you West Enders; he often takes his wife to his club. It's the humanizing influence of poverty."

So they all went to "The Cauliflower and Keepsake," George and Sir Hilary in front, Sir Ridgeway behind with Alice Kingsley.

"I've seen a good many changes in these parts, Billy," said George Kingsley. "It's unusual these days perhaps, but they've been changes for the better. The place may still look like a slum to you, but it isn't now."

"But what's it like as a life, George? I mean, what do you think about it yourself?"

"To tell you the truth, I've been kept much too busy to think a great deal about it, but, well. . . . It's what I chose, and I've never had any cause to regret it."

THEY turned into "The Cauliflower and Keepsake": a very friendly place with shining mahogany counters, rows of old fashioned beer pumps with decorated china handles, cheerful lighting reflected in rows of coloured bottles and a good deal of ornamented plate glass, lines of pewter tankards, comfortable leather couches and tables down the length of the bar, and sporting prints on the walls. The place swam gently in a haze of tobacco smoke suffused with an agreeable tang of fresh beer.

They threaded their way through knots of friendly people, including quite a number of women. All of them had a word of greeting for George Kingsley and his wife and a smile for the strangers. At the back of the bar the visitors were introduced to Father Kiernan, the local Roman Catholic padre, who was in his shirt-sleeves at the dart-board.

"Big Irish element here," explained George confidentially, producing a set of darts from his pocket for a game with a young docker.

"By the way, Billy boy, if you should happen to want a matchstick knocked off the end of your nose with a three-inch nail, Bob here's the lad to do it. *News Of The World* champion and several times runner-up."

"Thank you," said Sir Hilary. "I'll keep it in mind."

Alice Kingsley laughed—I wish Molly would laugh at my jokes, thought Sir Hilary.

"There's not much they can't do round here," she said. "It's a self-sufficing village community. The men work together at the docks during the day and meet each other again at night. It's a world of its own, but we're full members of it—particularly since the Blitz."

"Ah, I suppose you went right through it here," he said curiously. He had noticed a good many cleared bomb-sites on the way, and he was thinking of his own house in Beaconsfield from where you had heard the London barrage but slept in peace.

"Apart from the casualties and the suffering, the Blitz was a tremendous human experience in these parts we wouldn't have missed for worlds," she said. "Perhaps you noticed that gap in the houses near us? That's where our first surgery was. George and I both happened to be out on a previous incident, and our servant was on duty at the local A.R.P. post, so there was no one in the house when it fell, except the cat—and she survived somehow. We only lost everything except what we stood up in. Others weren't so lucky."

SIR HILARY accepted a challenge. He had played occasionally in messes during the war, but he wasn't up to the standard here, so he chatted to the padre, who was smoking a big pipe and drinking a pint of old and mild.

"A fine type George Kingsley," the padre said, "and so's his wife. The sort of people we need round here. And, do you know, the funny thing is we always seem to get them. When I first came here as a young priest, pretty fresh from Maynooth, we had a grand old doctor, and I can remember thinking that his place would be very difficult to fill. But there, you see, it was filled. There's always somebody to do God's work in these parts."

To Sir Hilary's enormous astonishment he found that in the meantime Sir Ridgeway had volunteered to have the matchstick knocked off his nose. These parts seemed to do things to people.

There was silence as the young docker prepared to throw. The first nail missed, and a loud "Oh!" went up. The second whipped the matchstick off harmlessly. There was a loud cheer—chiefly for Sir Ridgeway. He had paid his entrance fee.

"I didn't want to be left out," he explained apologetically, "and with a nose as long as mine there's much less risk."

"Last Orders!" sounded, and was followed by a clamour of pressing invitations. And "Time, gentlemen, please!" came too soon for the visitors, who were enjoying themselves. "Nellie Dean" started up spontaneously, and they joined in—for the first time in over thirty years. It was sung in harmony and with great feeling. "It's our regular chucker-out," someone explained.

After that—accompanied by the padre and one or two members of the darts teams—they went back to the house for cold ham and pickles, and more talk.

It was very late when they finally left. George Kingsley grinned a little maliciously at the discovery that they had left the car at a discreet distance from the house.

"You needn't have worried," he said. "Lord Marlborough's Bentley was here last night—we were discussing details of our boxing tournament at the Boys' Club. It's the safest place to park a car for miles around; even our wide boys wouldn't touch it."

On the drive back Sir Hilary looked sideways at his friend.

"I enjoyed myself very much," he said.

"So did I," agreed Sir Ridgeway. "Except for the aeons whilst I was waiting for that lad to throw his nails."

There was silence for a while.

"Do you know, Ridgie," Sir Hilary went on. "It's very odd, but compared with successes like you and me old George is a failure."

END

1.11.52

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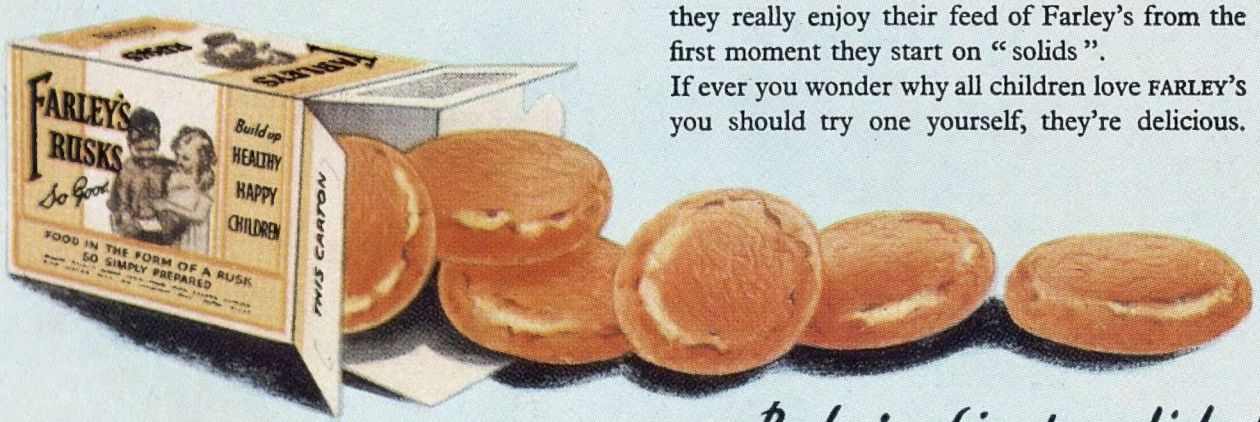

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